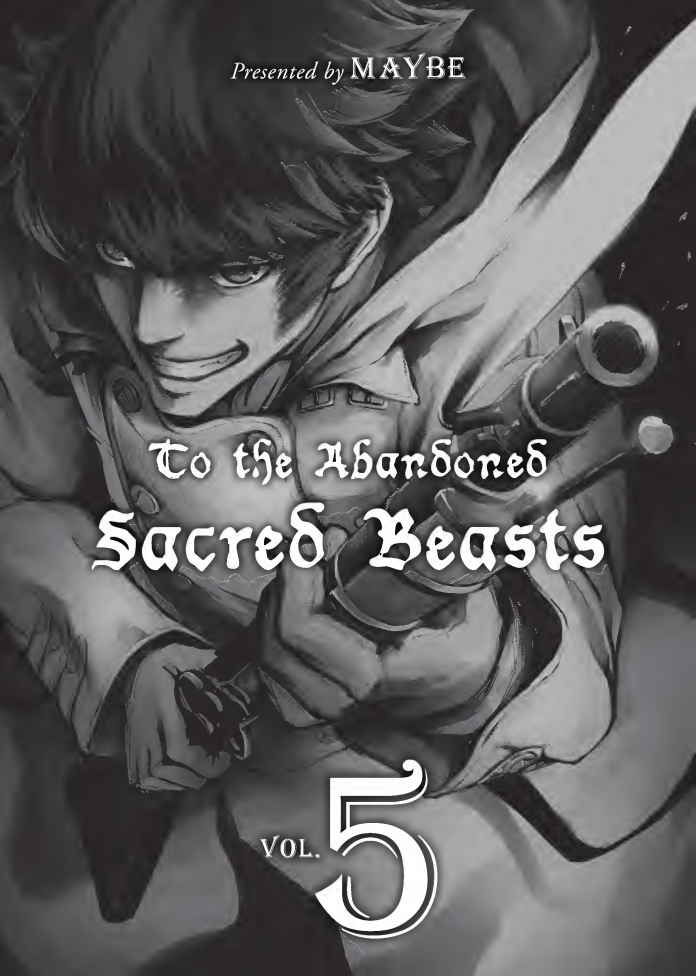


To the
Abandoned
Sacred
Beasts

VOL.

5

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MAYBE



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To the Abandoned
Sacred Beasts

VOL.

5

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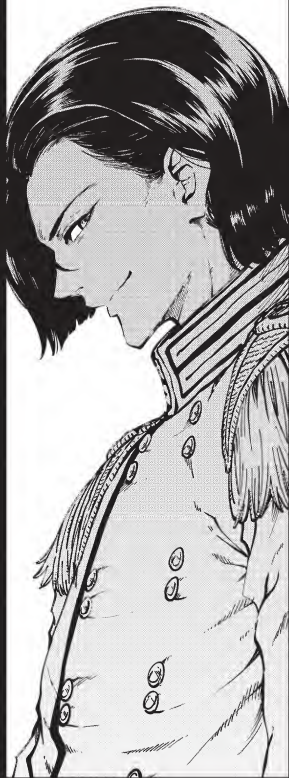
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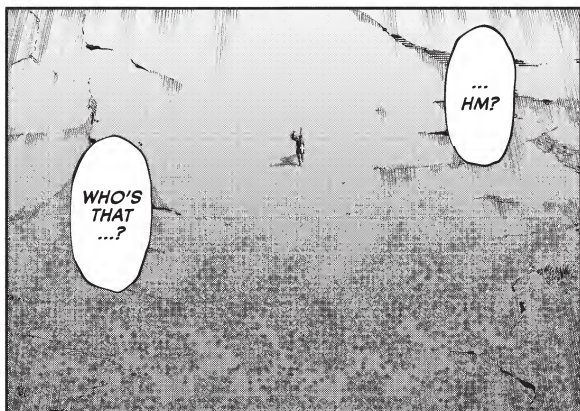
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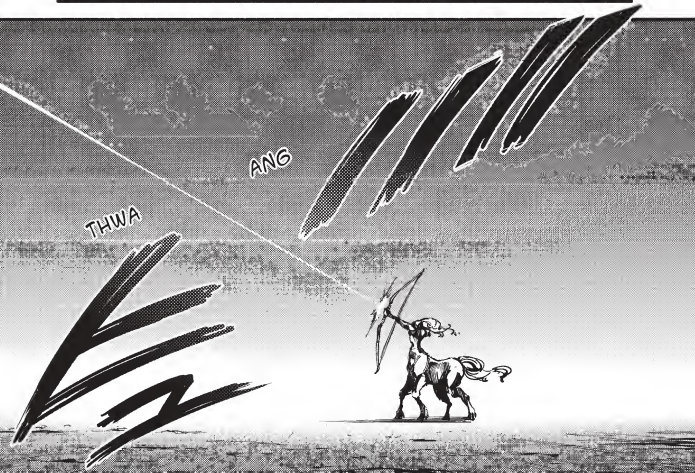
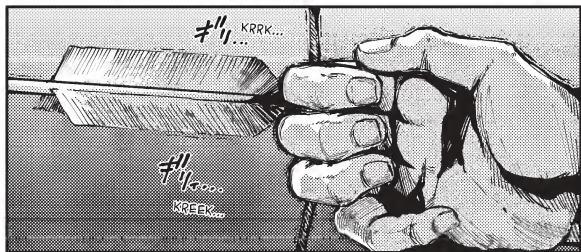
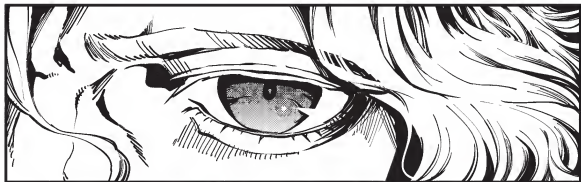
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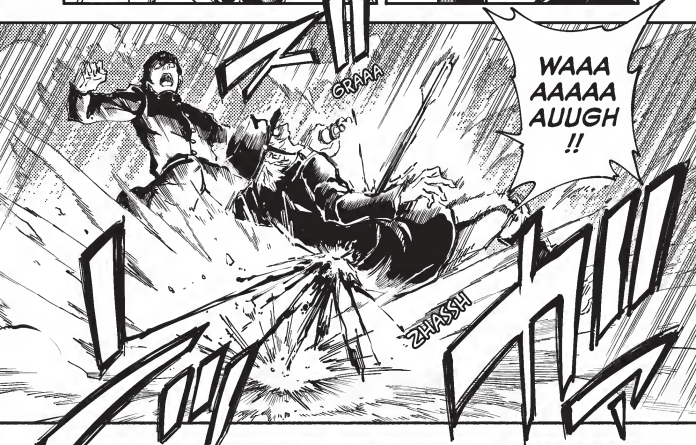


Chapter 23: The Beacon of Rebellion





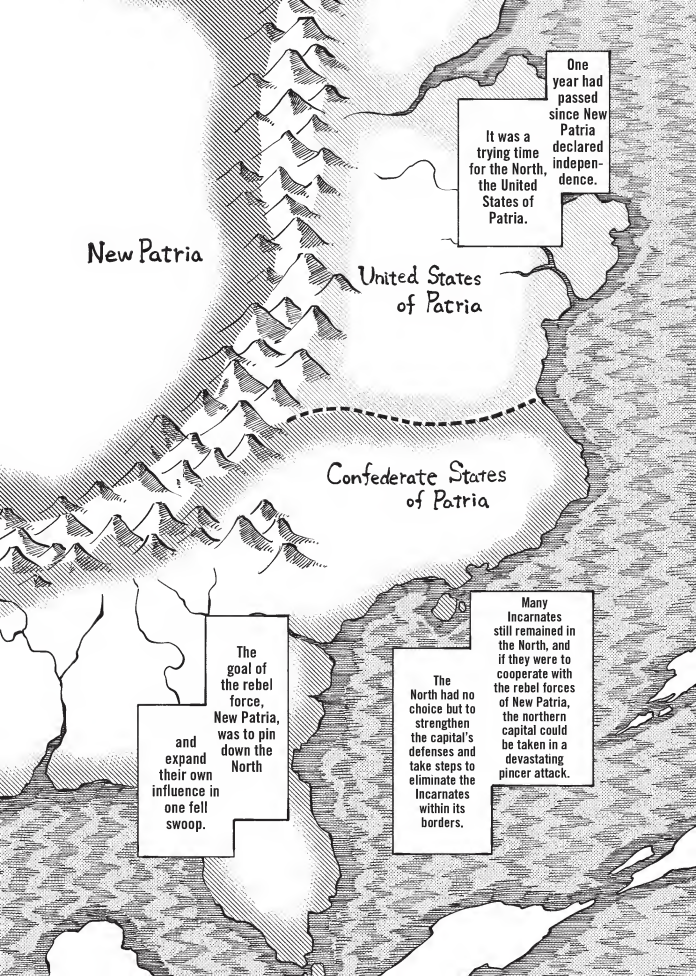




to
hit the
mark
every
single
time.

Quite
a nice
feeling





New Patria

United States
of Patria

Confederate States
of Patria

One
year had
passed
since New
Patria
declared
independence.

It was a
trying time
for the North,
the United
States of
Patria.

The
goal of
the rebel
force,
New Patria,
was to pin
down the
North

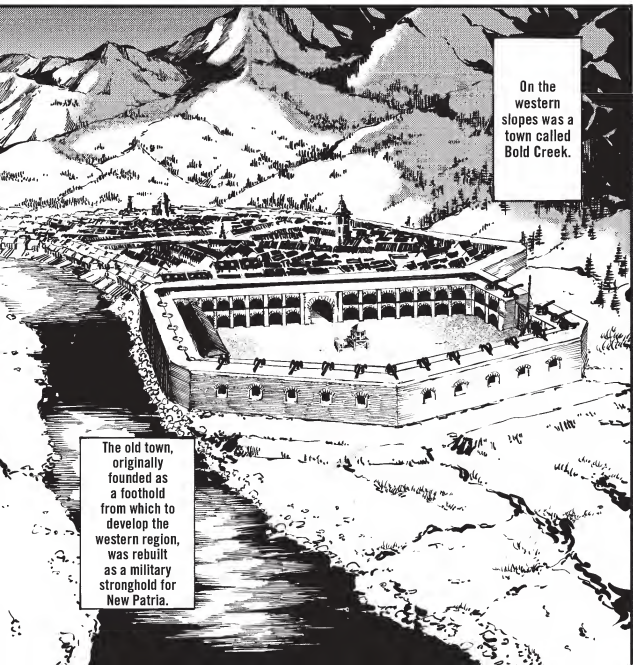
and
expand
their own
influence in
one fell
swoop.

Many
Incarnates
still remained
in the North,
and if they were to
cooperate with
the rebel forces
of New Patria,
the northern
capital could
be taken in a
devastating
pincer attack.

The
North had no
choice but to
strengthen
the capital's
defenses and
take steps to
eliminate the
Incarnates
within its
borders.

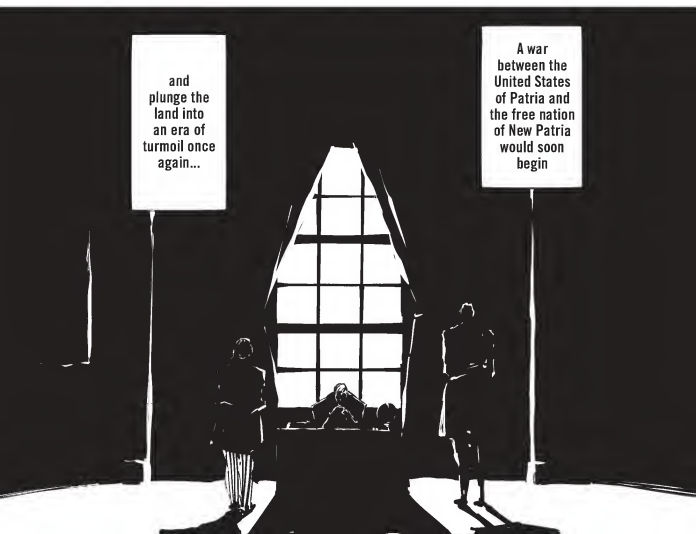
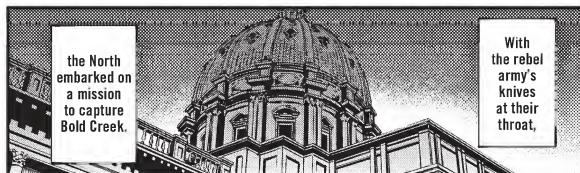


The Great
Mountains
divided
the land,
running
north to
south.



On the
western
slopes was a
town called
Bold Creek.

The old town,
originally
founded as
a foothold
from which to
develop the
western region,
was rebuilt
as a military
stronghold for
New Patria.





Can't say we had enough time to prepare... but there are no more Incarnates near the capital.

We knew this would come.



At last, one should say...



I expect nothing less from the President's son.

Oh ho! Why, that's splendid news.
The Coup de Grace unit continues to amaze.



Our pawns are already in motion.

And we have a very special weapon ...

The majority of the soldiers stationed at Bold Creek are human.

Fools clinging to the false hope of beastly strength...

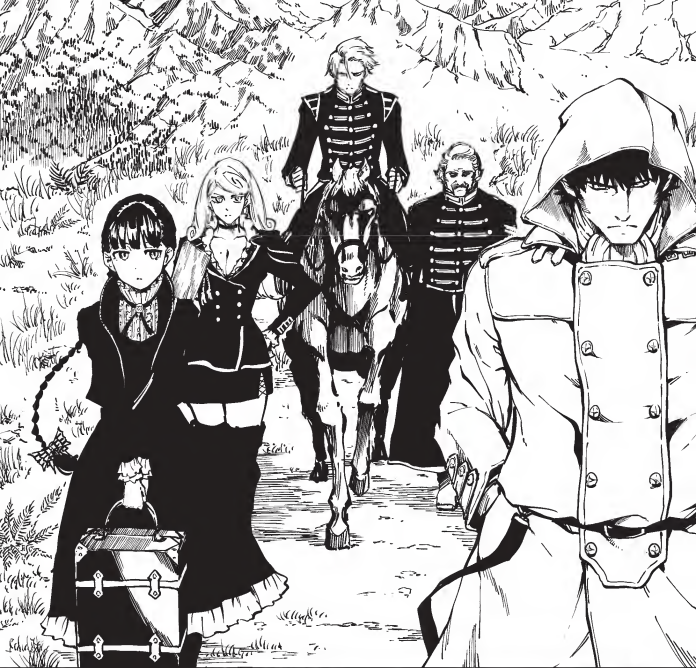
Defeat the Incarnates, and they'll disperse. We can be certain of that.

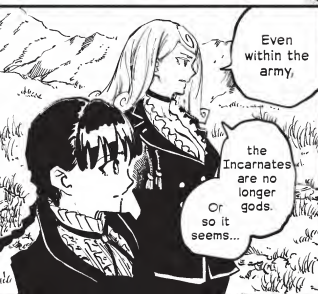
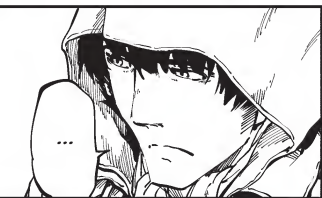
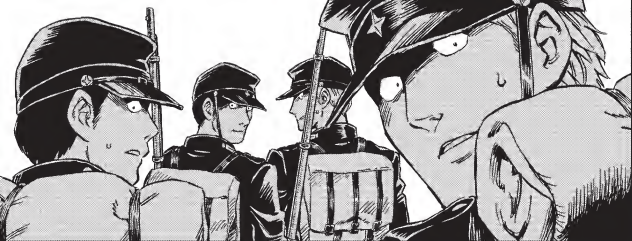


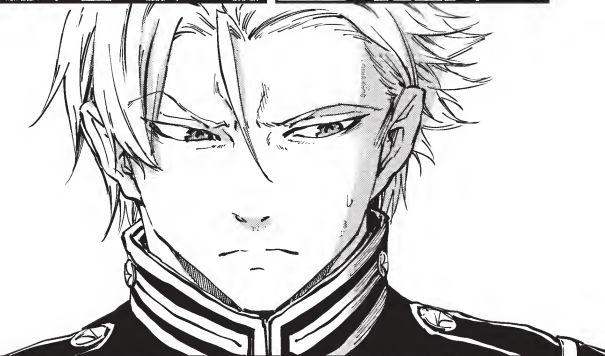
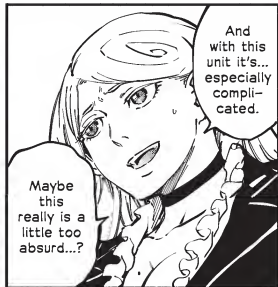
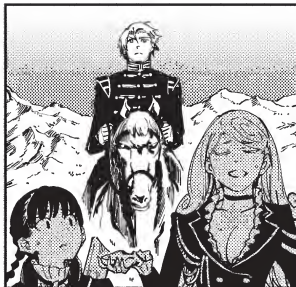
The rebel forces, however, have taken in many Incarnates.

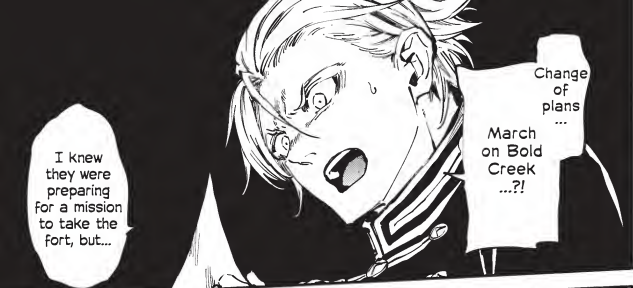
Can we... really succeed?

If we face anything like the atrocities the Southern army dealt with in the last war...









I knew they were preparing for a mission to take the fort, but...

Change of plans ...
March on Bold Creek ...?!



So there are Incarnates there.
Seems our army's at a total loss as to how to handle them.



This is our new mission.

We're to precede the main forces and destroy the Incarnates there.

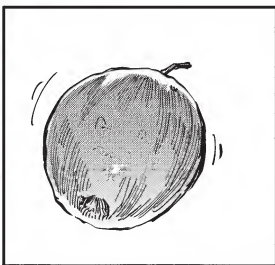
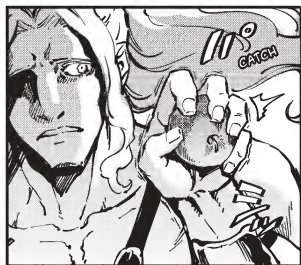
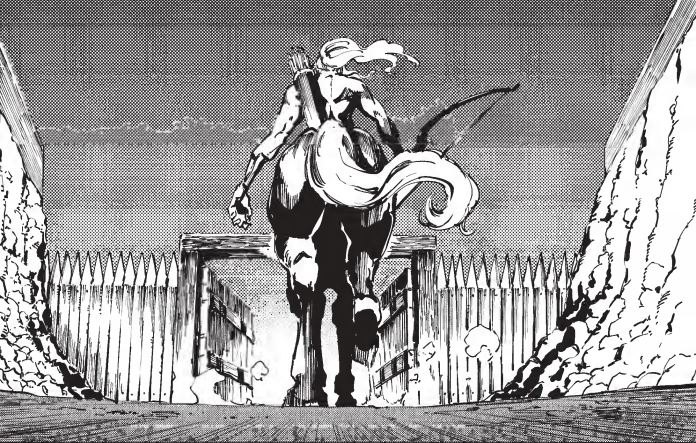
We are now heading towards Bold Creek in the western foothills.

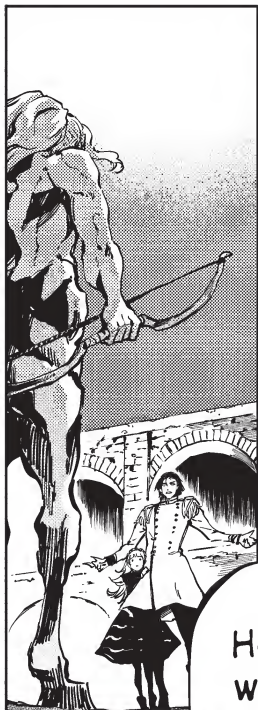
Your attention, please.



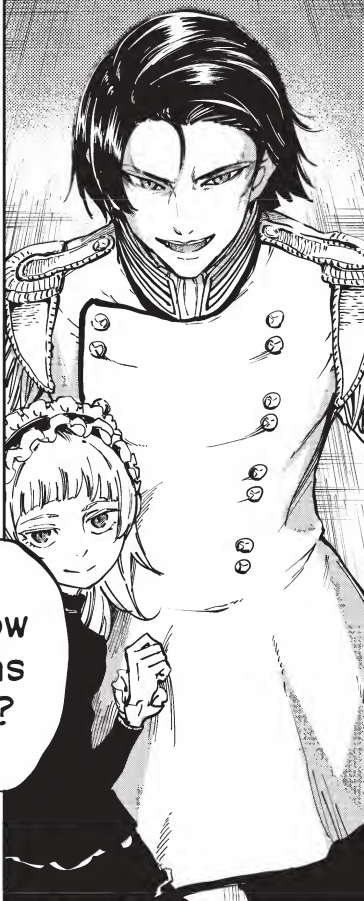






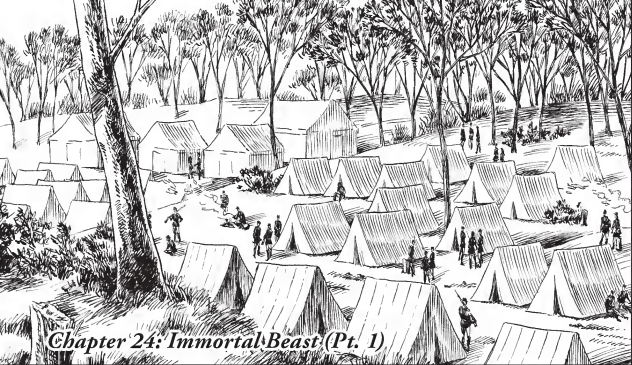


How
was
it?





To the Abandoned
Sacred Beasts





Is it bothering you?



The coat.

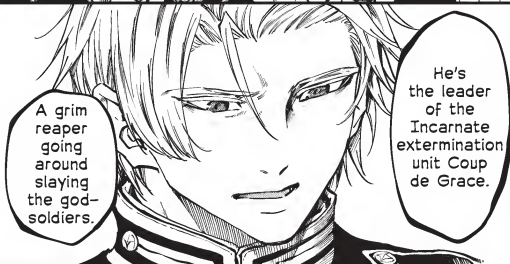
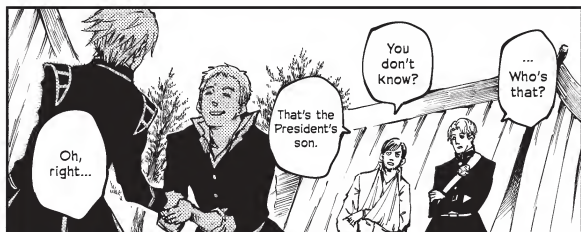


We stand out enough as it is...

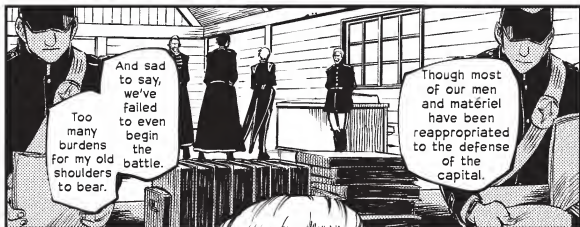
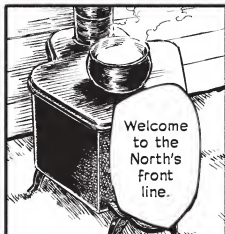
It'll let us avoid useless misunderstandings.

You don't like trouble either, I take it.











leader
of the
Incarnate
extermi-
nation unit.

Major
Claude
Withers,

as
well as
actual
experi-
ence in
battle.

...?
I've had
extensive
training
in combat
against
Incarnates,

You don't
look much
different
from us.

Hmmm
...

So
we're
not the
same
after
all!

Well,
that
brings
me
hope!

A
weapon
from
another
era.
Quite a
shock.

With
arrows
...

It
was just a
small scouting
party, killed
from beyond
the range of
gunfire.

The recon-
naissance
team we
sent was
slaughtered.

You've
already
noticed
...

We've
been
dealt a
serious blow
even before
moving
on the
fort.

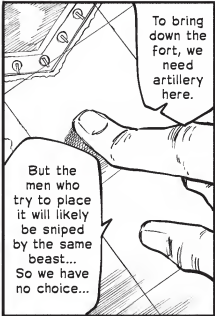


THE
INCARNATE
CENTAURUS.



I
take
it?

—But to
send us to
destroy the
Incarnate,



To bring
down the
fort, we
need
artillery
here.

But the
men who
try to place
it will likely
be sniped
by the same
beast...
So we have
no choice...



Oh!
And of
course

you'll
have what
support
we can
lend.

Just destroy
Centaurus, and
we'll take care
of the rest.



We must fight to preserve our hard-won peace... Don't you agree?

This is a battle to protect not only the capital, but the lives of all the people of the North.



Oh, an intelligence officer, perhaps?

Coup de Grace must have its secrets. I'd better not pry.

Uh... something like that.

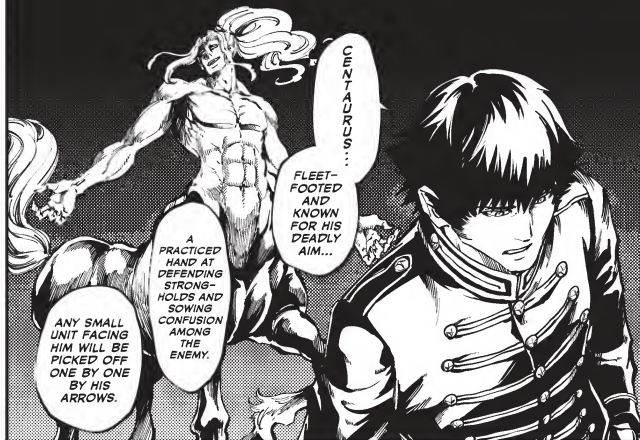


I don't believe I've met this gentleman.

He's a specialist.

An expert on Incarnates.

That's the story we're going with...?

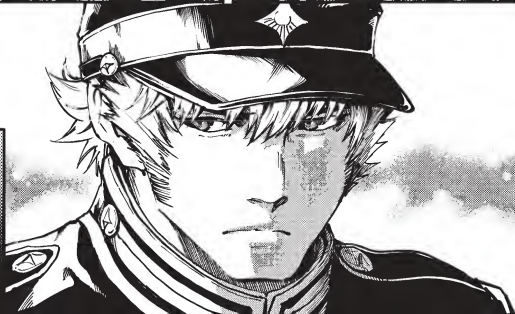
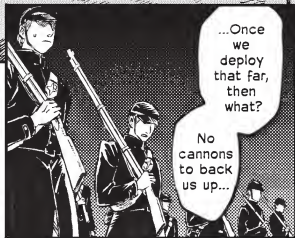
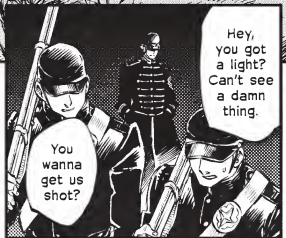
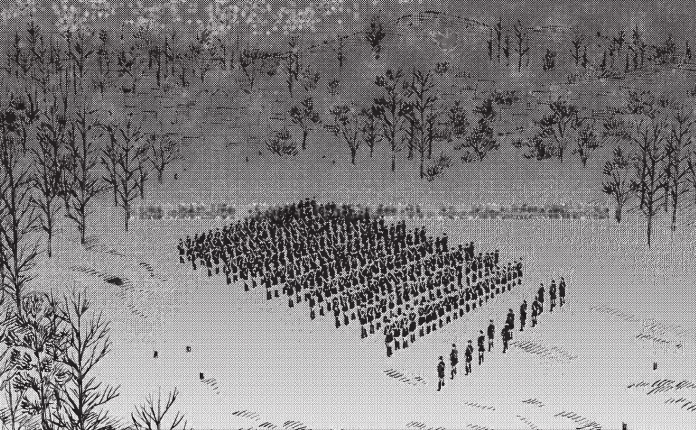


And
if we force
our troops
through, we'll
suffer terrible
losses.

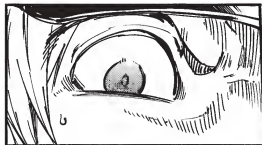
And thanks
to him, we
can't carry
out proper
reconnais-
sance...

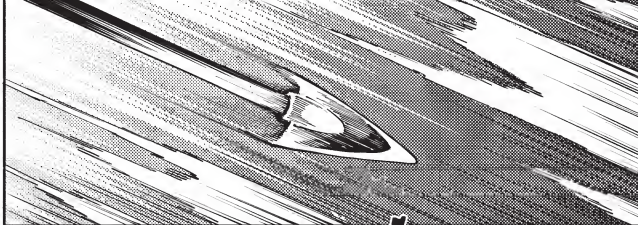
We
have
only

one
choice
...









Those
were
nowhere
near us!



Was
the first
one a
fluke?!



The
sound
of
cavalry
...?!

What
is
that
...?







All
you have
to do to
scatter them
is turn them
from soldiers
back into
mere men—
by using
fear.

You're
able to
show such
might
precisely
because
the infantry
haven't
broken
ranks.



Shatter
the
enemy's
hearts
with your
terrifying
roar...



**Ha
ha ha
ha ha
!**

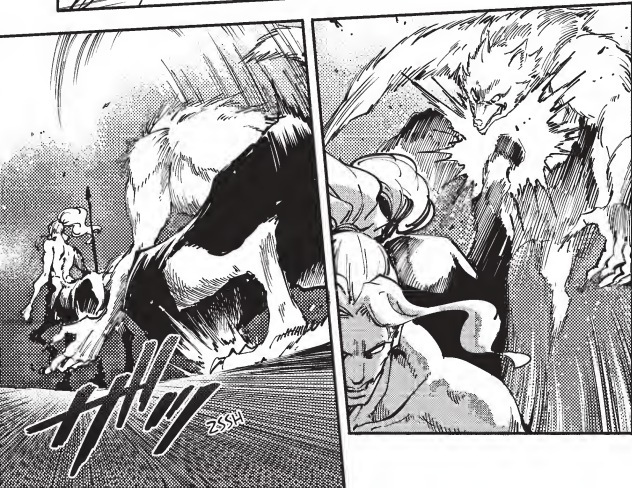
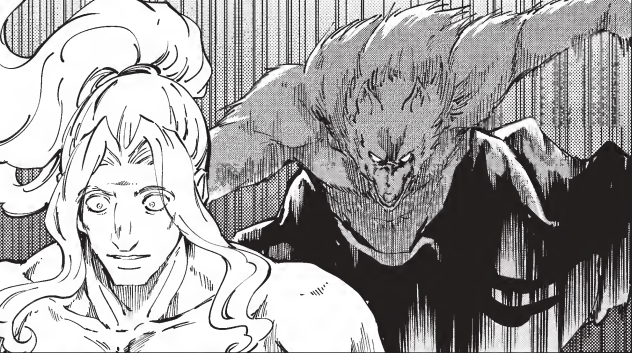
**Tremble
at the
beating
of my
hooves!**

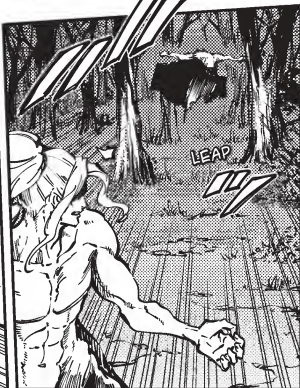
**Be
filled
with
relentless
terror!**

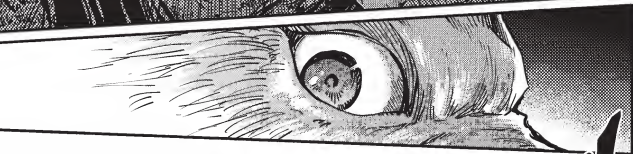
And
then, even
though you're
attacking
alone, it's as
if there are
ten of you.

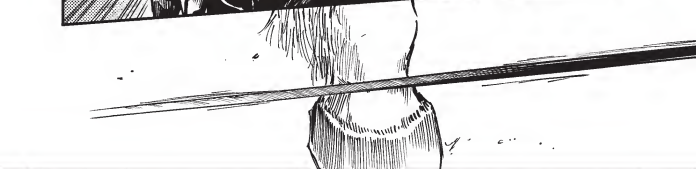
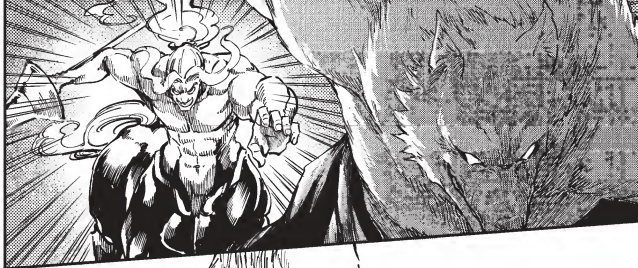
**I am
Death!
The
end
you
cannot
escape
!!**

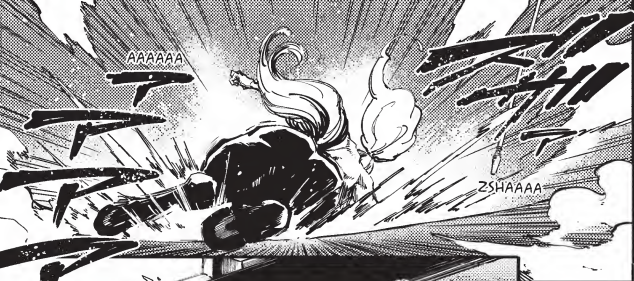
**Flee in
chaos
before
me!!!**





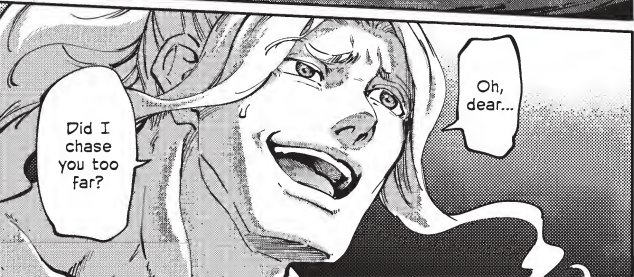






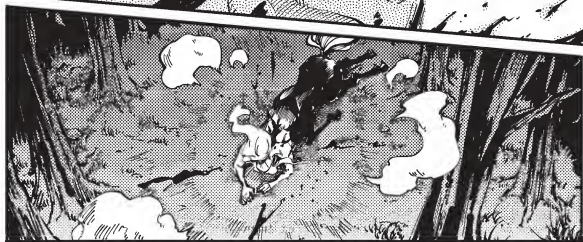
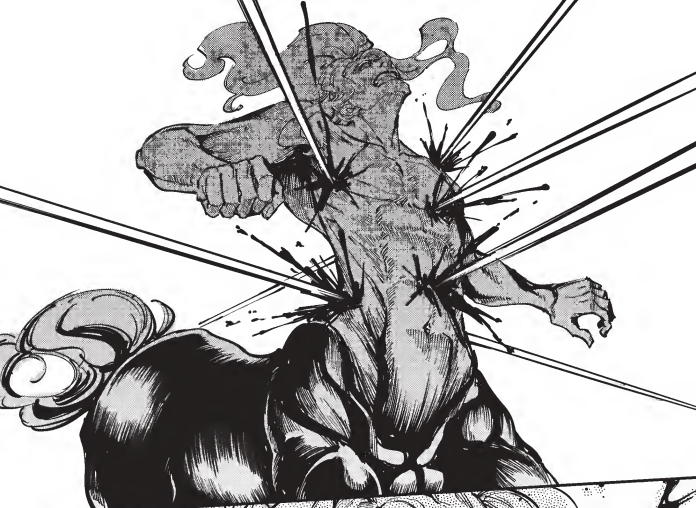
AAAAAA

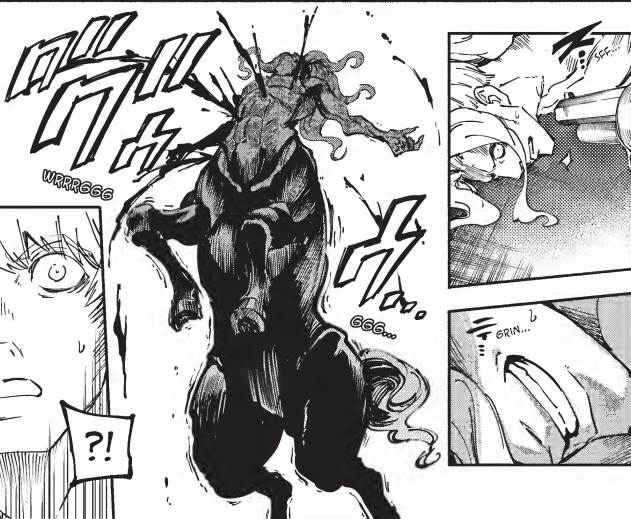
ZSHAAAA

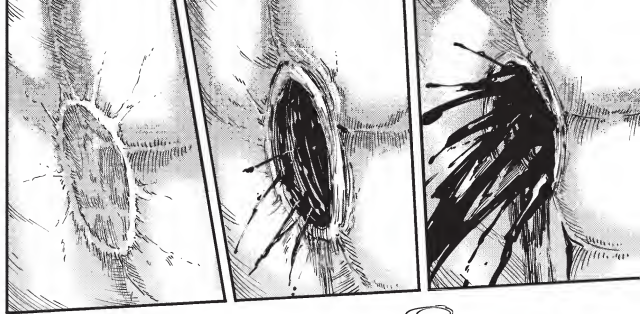


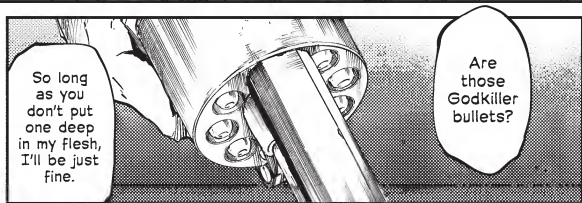
Did I
chase
you too
far?

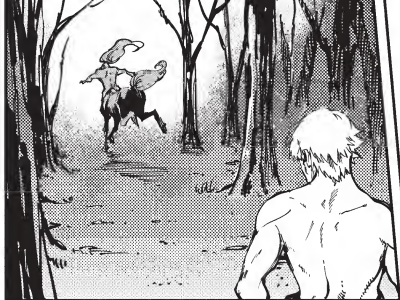
Oh,
dear...











I'll be going now.

I hope you haven't set up any more traps for me.



Let's hope this war is as much fun as the last one.

Captain!

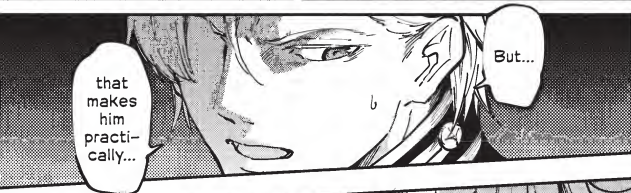


Sometimes
the
abilities of
Incarnates
evolve
over time.

Yes... He
always had
terrific
stamina...
but not
this much.



He
got
away
...?



that
makes
him
practi-
cally...

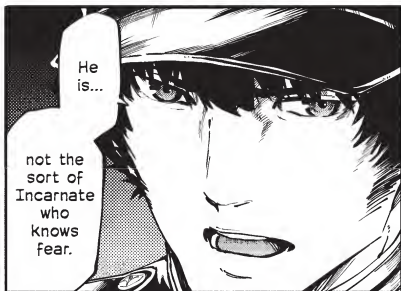
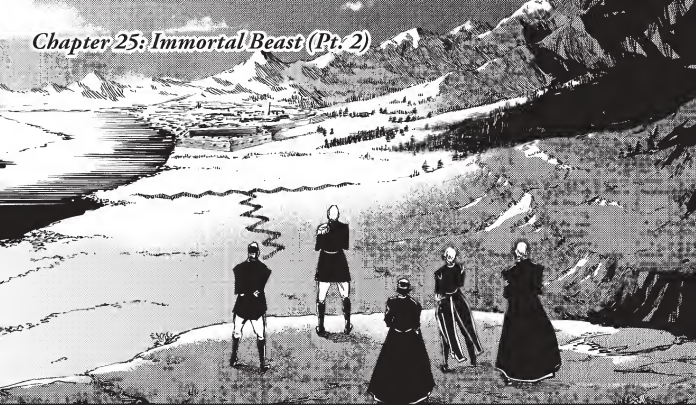
But...



immortal
...

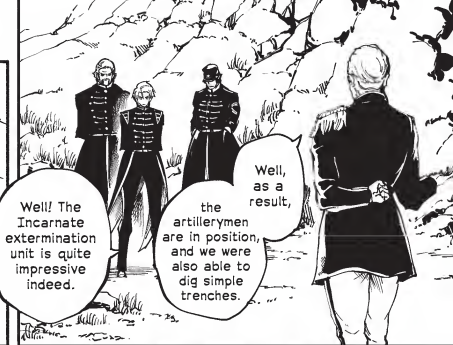
To the Abandoned
Sacred Beasts

Chapter 25: Immortal Beast (Pt. 2)



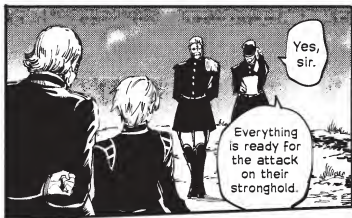


...Thank you, sir.



Well! The Incarnate extermination unit is quite impressive indeed.

Well, as a result, the artillerymen are in position, and we were also able to dig simple trenches.



Yes, sir.

Everything is ready for the attack on their stronghold.



The artillery will advance to within range of the fort, and work with the infantry to capture Bold Creek.

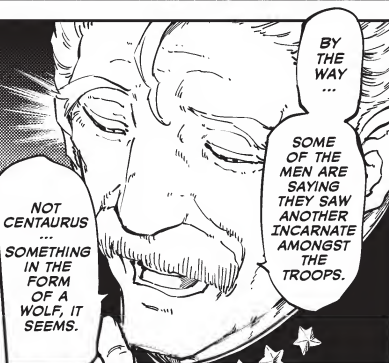
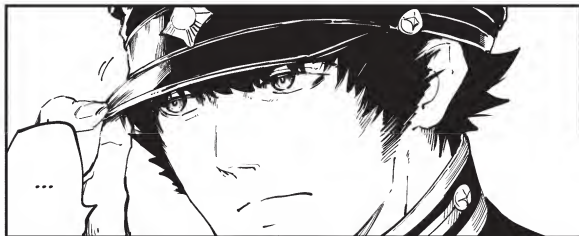
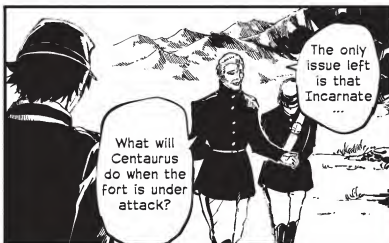
First, cannon bombardment on their camp outside the fort.

Then our infantry will rush in to suppress them.



Ah... at last. I think?

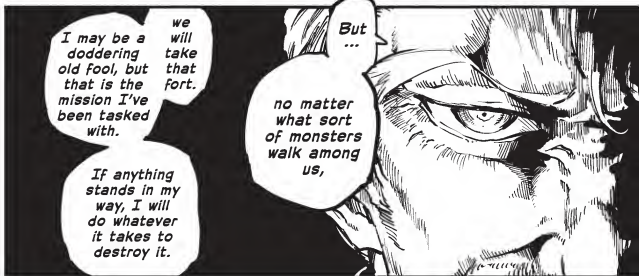
ZHEE





After all, if there were two of those beasts about, we'd be done for.

...It's not uncommon for men to see things that aren't there in the heat of battle. I'm sure it was nothing more than illusions born out of panic.



I may be a doddering old fool, but that is the mission I've been tasked with.

we will take that fort.

But ...

no matter what sort of monsters walk among us,

If anything stands in my way, I will do whatever it takes to destroy it.



Now then, it's time to begin the operation.

Yes. Let's get started.

...

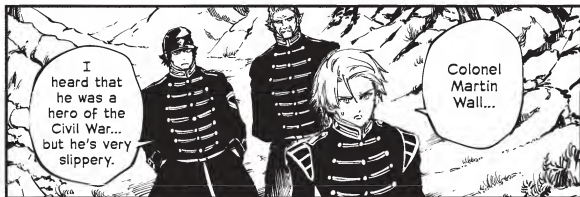


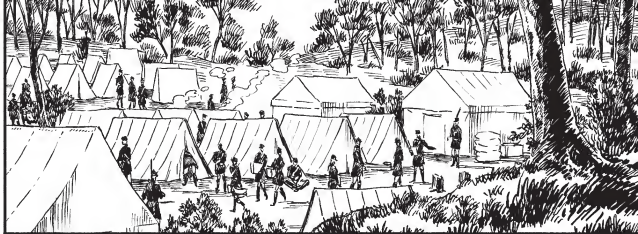
Yes... We will bring down Centaurus.

I promise.



Please keep me in your favor...







Hm?

UHM ...

What's a young'un like you doing here? Off with ya!



No, no! This is dangerous stuff. We can't let you handle it!

はっ
JUMP

PARDON ...!

LET ME GET THAT!



Let's see...

Something you can do to help?



SIT



You can make tea when the troops are on break.

Until then, just stand by.



What's
wrong,
Schaal
?

Can't
sit still?

Hank
!!



Nooooo

Nope.



No...

Uh...



Is there
anything
I can
do?!

There's
no telling
what might
happen.

You
might have
confidence
in your skills,
but the
battlefield's
different.



But...



No...

Did
you
come
here
to
fight?



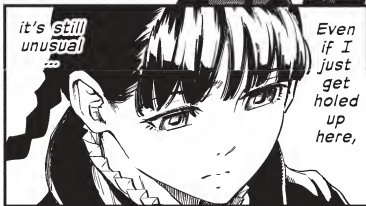
You
don't
have
to do
anything.

...Well,
then.

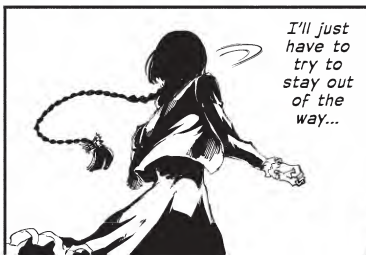


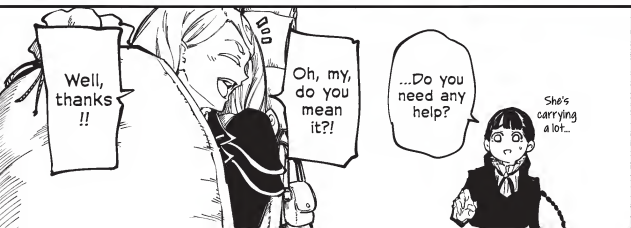
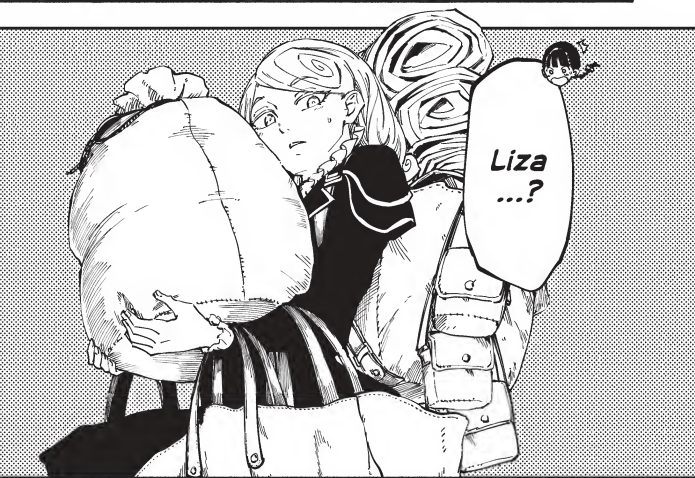
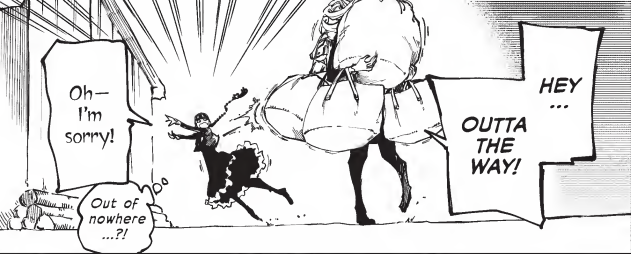
it's still
unusual
...

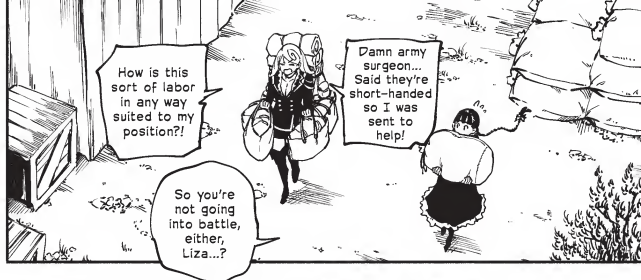
Even
if I
just
get
holed
up
here,

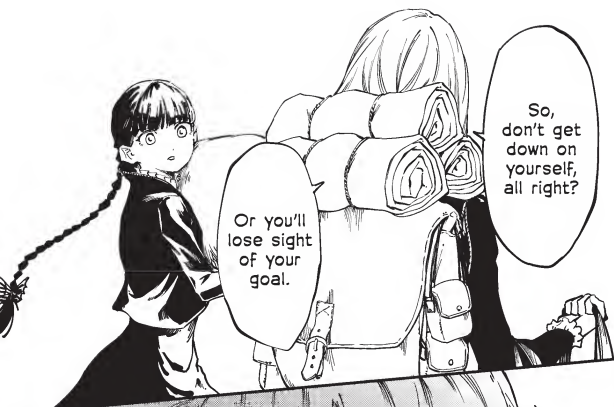


I'll just
have to
try to
stay out
of the
way...







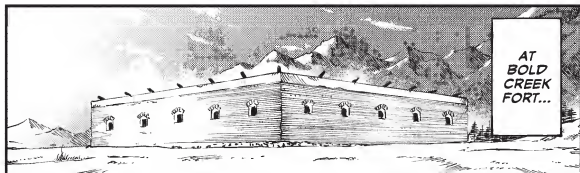


Or you'll
lose sight
of your
goal.

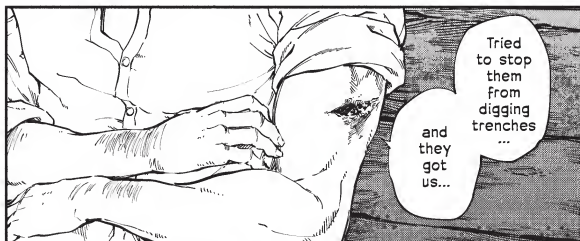
So,
don't get
down on
yourself,
all right?



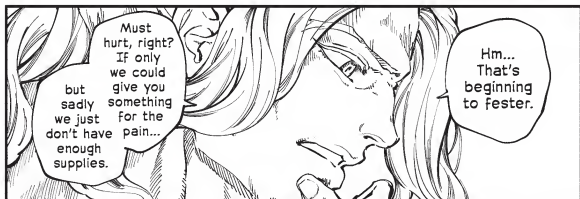
...
Right!



AT
BOLD
CREEK
FORT...

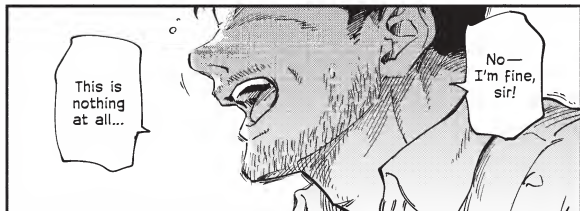


Tried
to stop
them
from
digging
trenches
...
and
they
got
us...



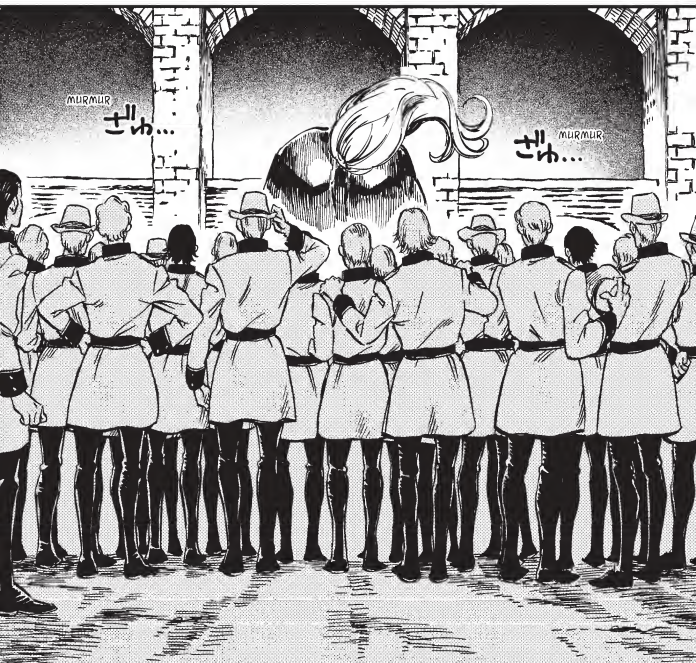
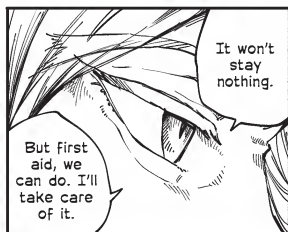
Must
hurt, right?
If only
we could
give you
something
for the
pain...
but
sadly
we just
don't have
enough
supplies.

Hm...
That's
beginning
to fester.

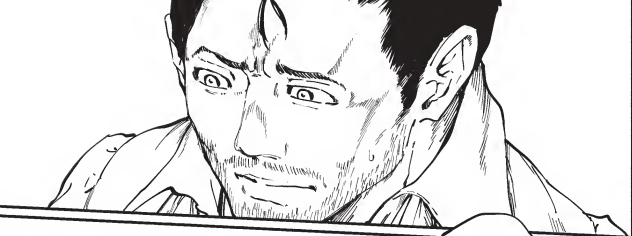


This is
nothing
at all...

No—
I'm fine,
sir!







Don't worry.
You'll fight
with us to
the last.

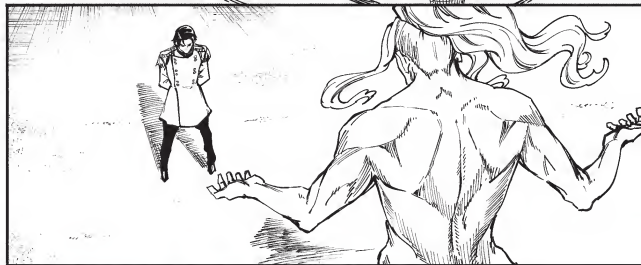
We have
vicious
battles
ahead, and
not enough
men to fight
them.

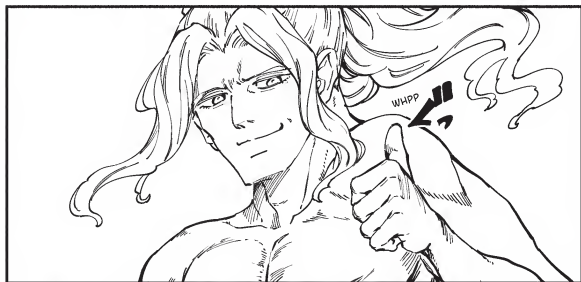
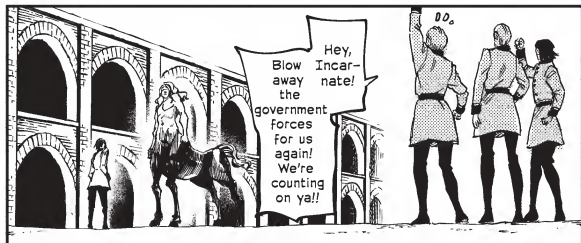
I'll have
you rest...
but you
won't be
discharged.

Am I...
going to be
sent to the
rear?

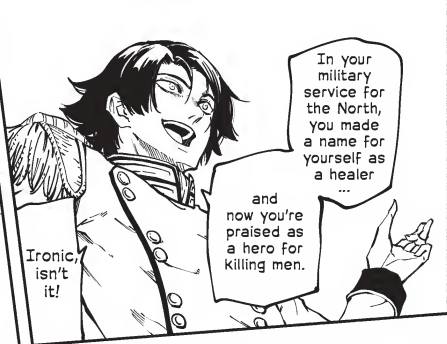
Yes,
sir...!











Ironic,
isn't
it!

and
now you're
praised as
a hero for
killing men.

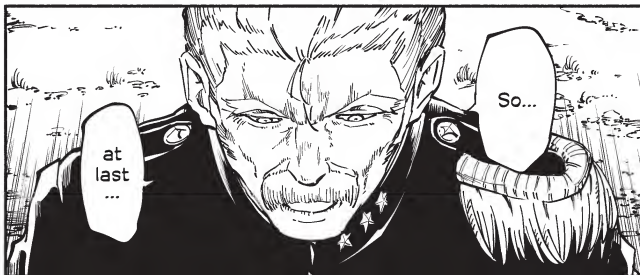
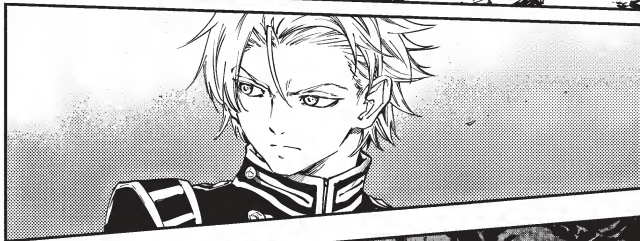
In your
military
service for
the North,
you made
a name for
yourself as
a healer
...

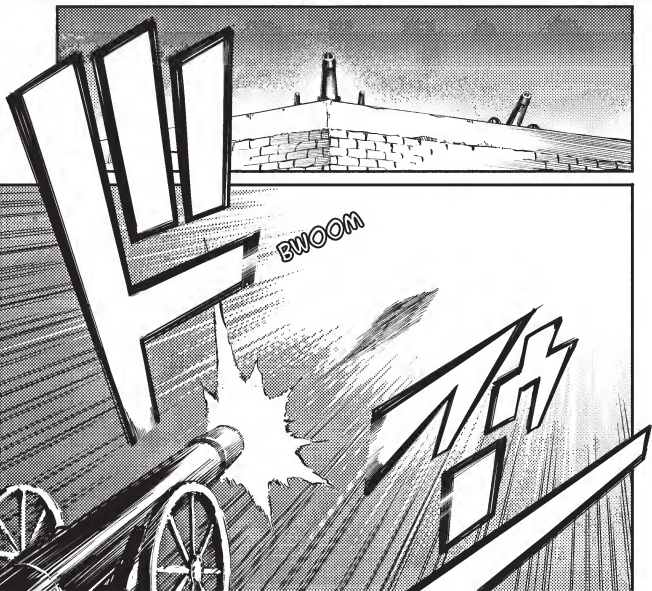
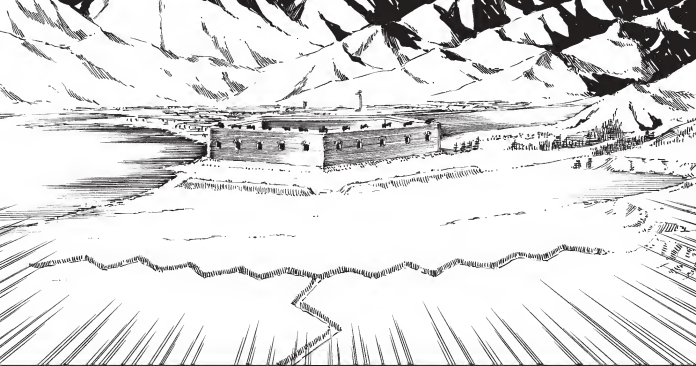


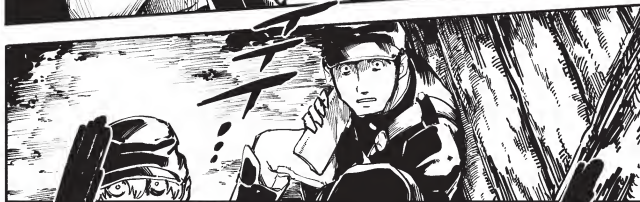
And
if that's
the case,
killing is
faster.

People
are
thankful
either
way!

What's
the
differ-
ence?

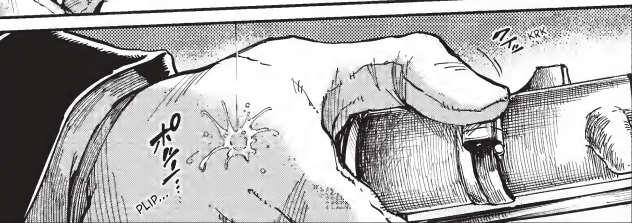
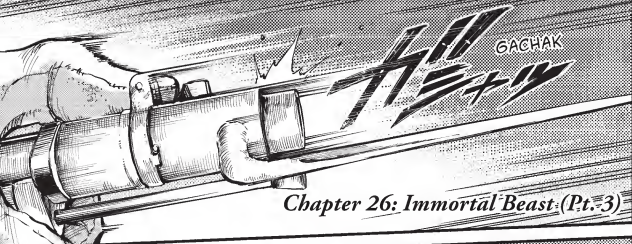








To the Abandoned
Sacred Beasts







and
in me.

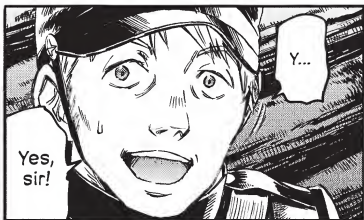
There's
no need
to get out
ahead of
anyone
else.

Just
don't get
separated
from the
others.

Trust
in your
training
...



There's
a brave
face.



Yes,
sir!

Y...



...

All
right
...



my
comrades
back then,
too...

I used
to buck
up



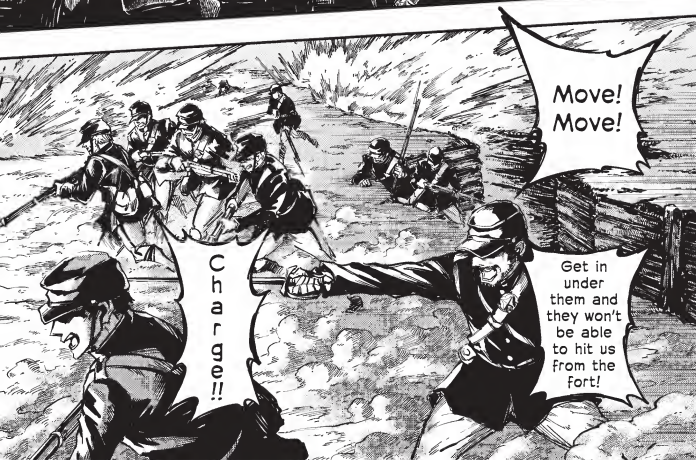
Theo
...

What are
you up to
now?



Oh,
what am
I doing
...

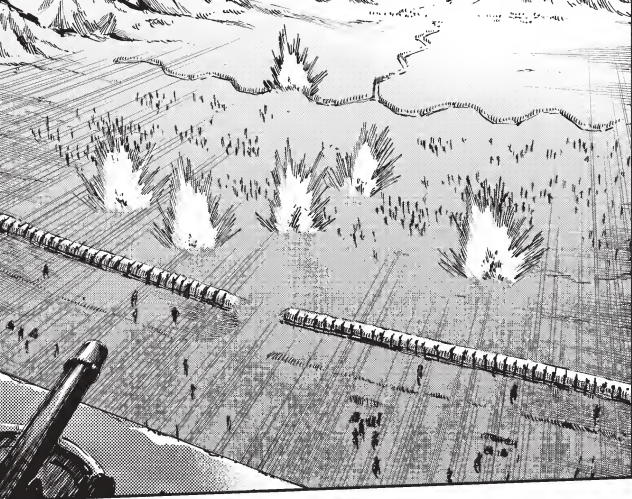




Move!
Move!

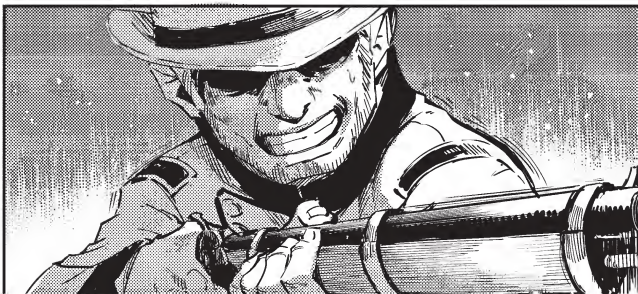
Charge!!

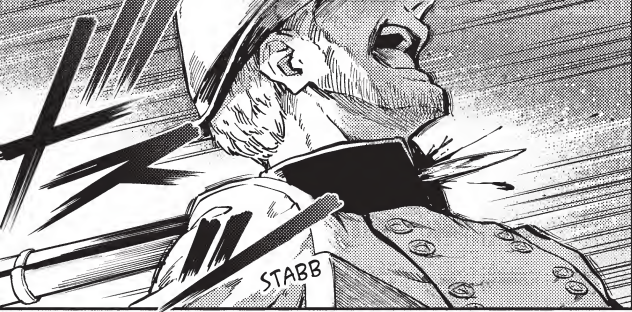
Get in
under
them and
they won't
be able
to hit us
from the
fort!

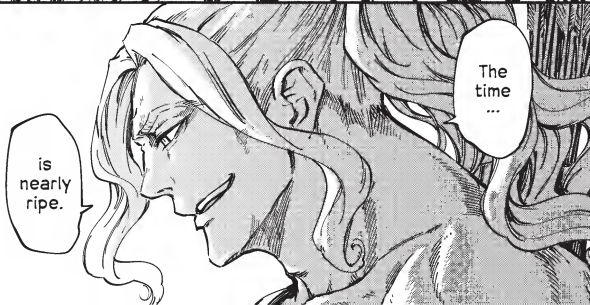
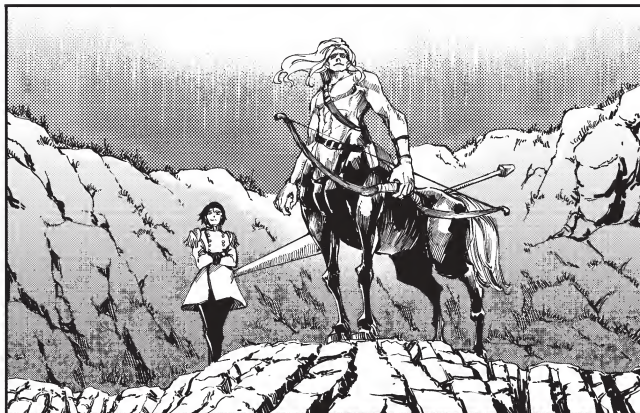


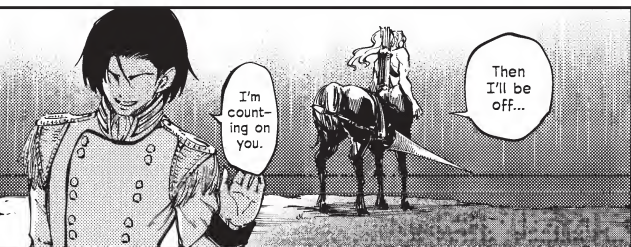
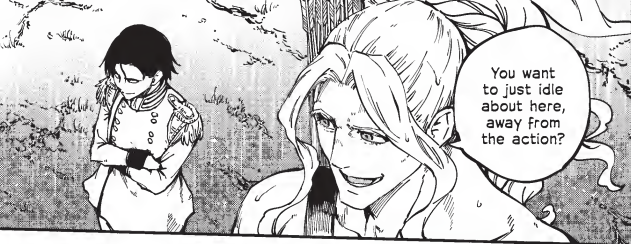














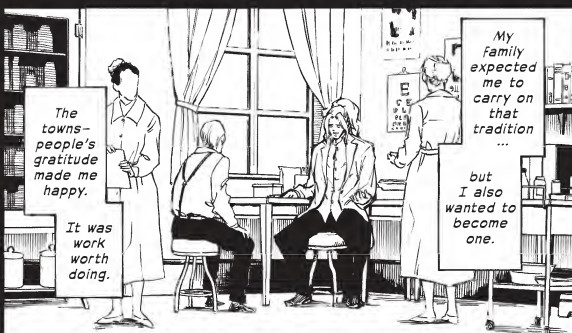
Blood
smells

so
much
strong-
ger...



I was a
doctor.

Long
ago
...



The
towns-
people's
gratitude
made me
happy.

It was
work
worth
doing.

My
family
expected
me to
carry on
that
tradition
...

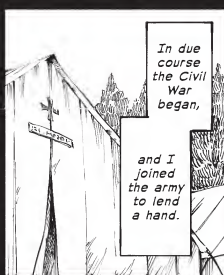
but
I also
wanted to
become
one.



I'd
help
folks
...

The
work
would
be the
same.

they'd
thank
me.



In due
course
the Civil
War
began,

and I
joined
the army
to lend
a hand.

was not
the world
I knew.

But
what
awaited
me

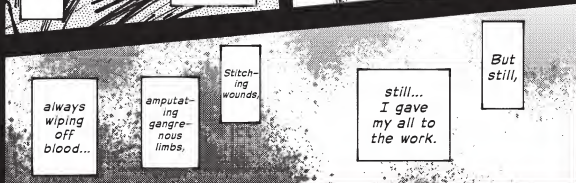




It
was
hell.

And I had
to figure
out how to
prioritize
those lives.

Men laid
prone,
pleading for
aid as their
lives quickly
slipped
away.



always
wiping
off
blood...

amputat-
ing
gangre-
nous
limbs,

Stitch-
ing
wounds,

still...
I gave
my all to
the work.

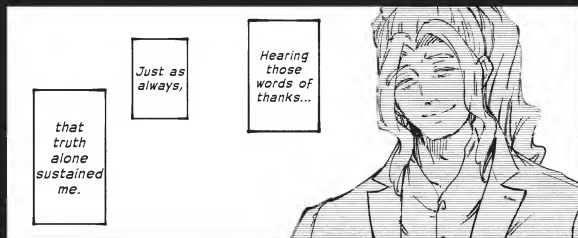
But
still,



Now...
Now I can
return to the
front!

Thank you,
Doctor!

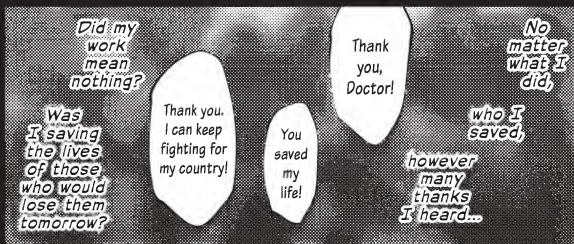
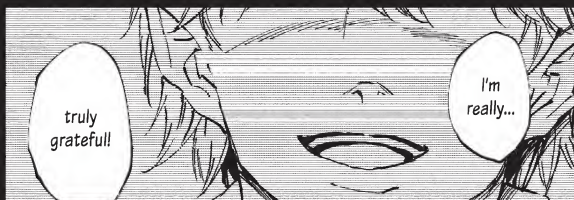
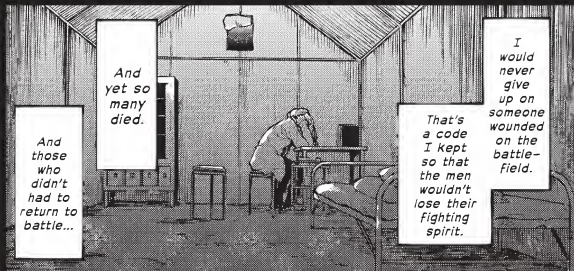






*Another
life
slipped
between
my
fingers.*

Again
...



What...
was my purpose...



Good morning, Doctor.

Oh!

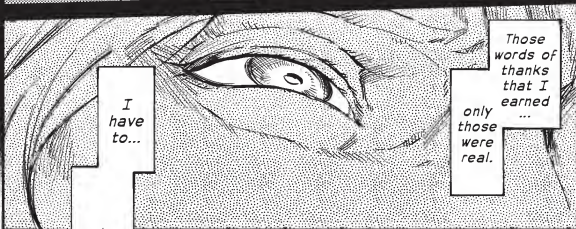


...Or rather, my work was meaningless.

It had no purpose that I could see.

Good morning !

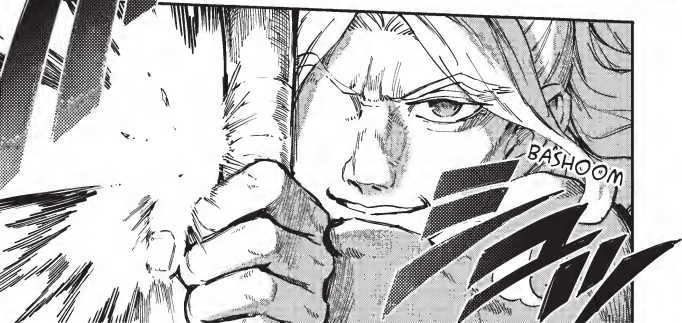
Time to face another day with all our might!

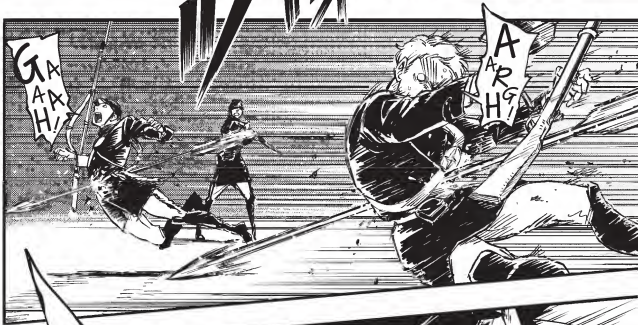
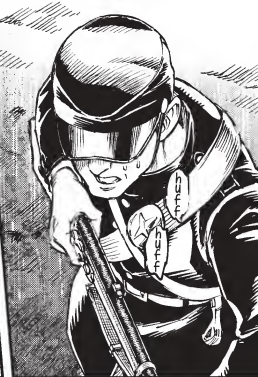


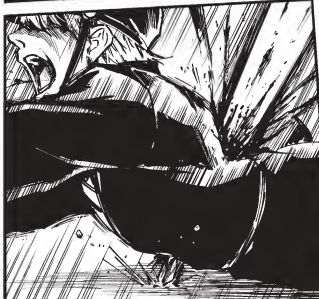
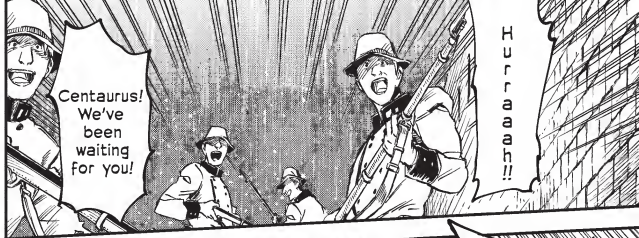
I have to...

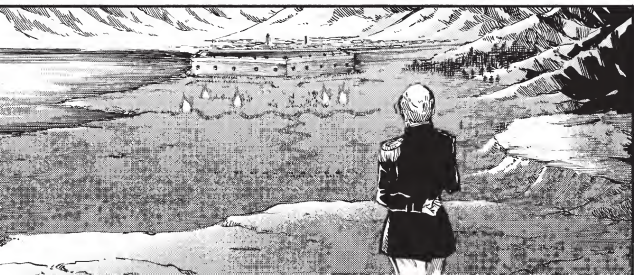
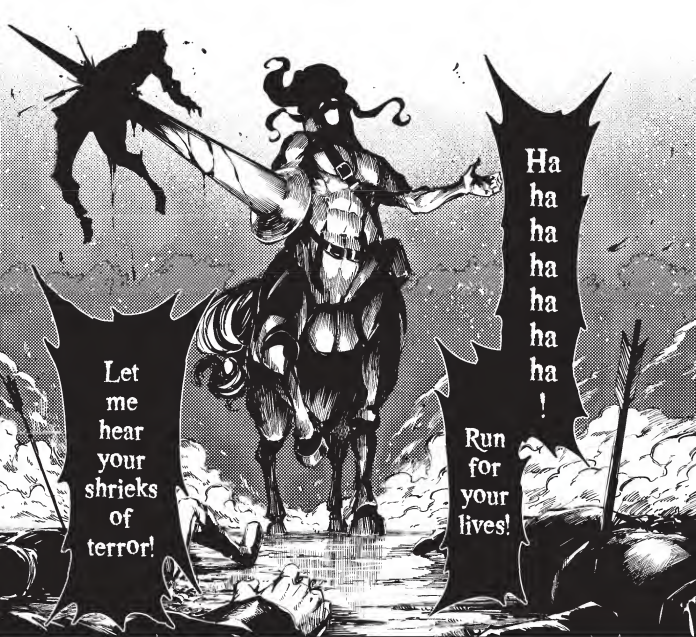
do what I can...

Those words of thanks that I earned ... only those were real.





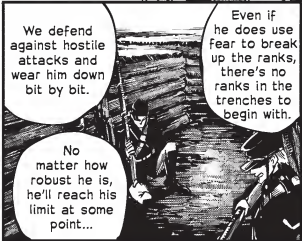






So he
showed
himself
after all.

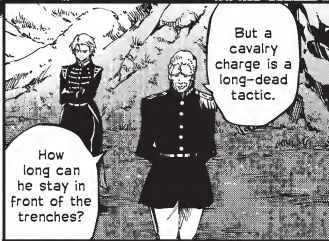
Hmm
...



We defend
against hostile
attacks and
wear him down
bit by bit.

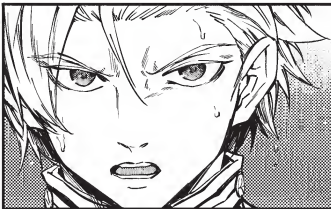
No
matter how
robust he is,
he'll reach his
limit at some
point...

Even if
he does use
fear to break
up the ranks,
there's no
ranks in the
trenches to
begin with.



How
long can
he stay in
front of the
trenches?

But a
cavalry
charge is a
long-dead
tactic.

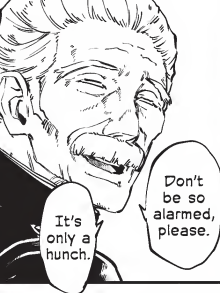


Do you...
really
believe that
will work?



I've
made the
preparations
for it.

Yes.



It's only a hunch.

Don't be so alarmed, please.



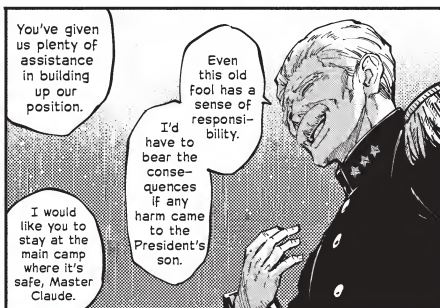
...!

But that specialist ...

He's no ordinary man, is he?



But ...



You've given us plenty of assistance in building up our position.

Even this old fool has a sense of responsibility.

I'd have to bear the consequences if any harm came to the President's son.

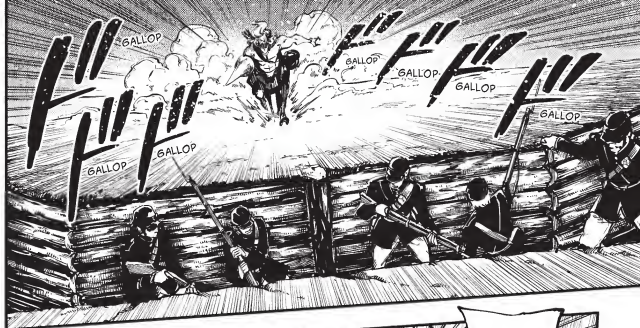
I would like you to stay at the main camp where it's safe, Master Claude.

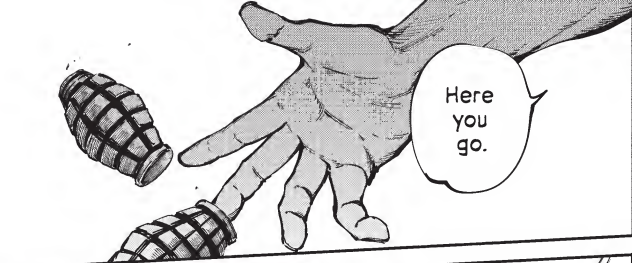


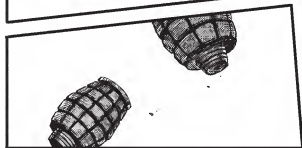
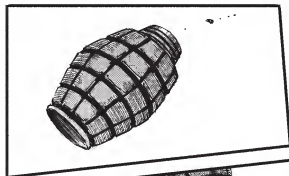
As commander, I am the one who decides what to use and what to leave aside.

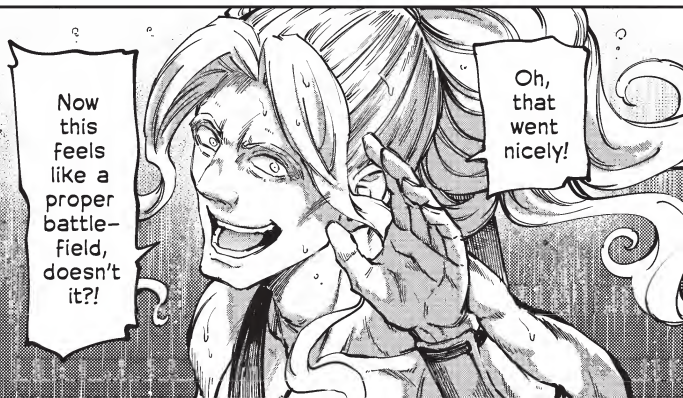
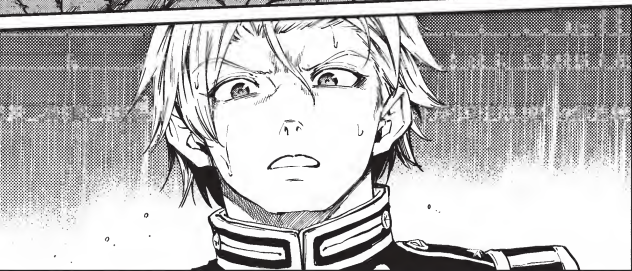
This is war.

Nothing at all like your team's "hunting expeditions."



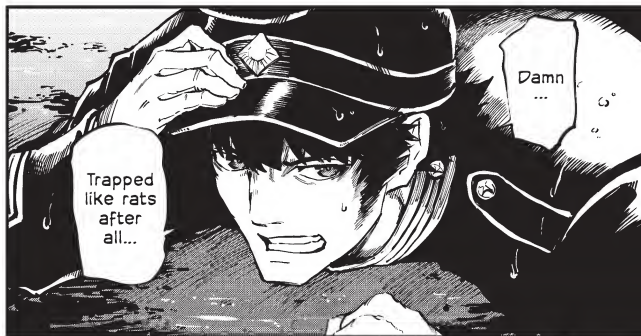






Now
this
feels
like a
proper
battle-
field,
doesn't
it?!

Oh,
that
went
nicely!





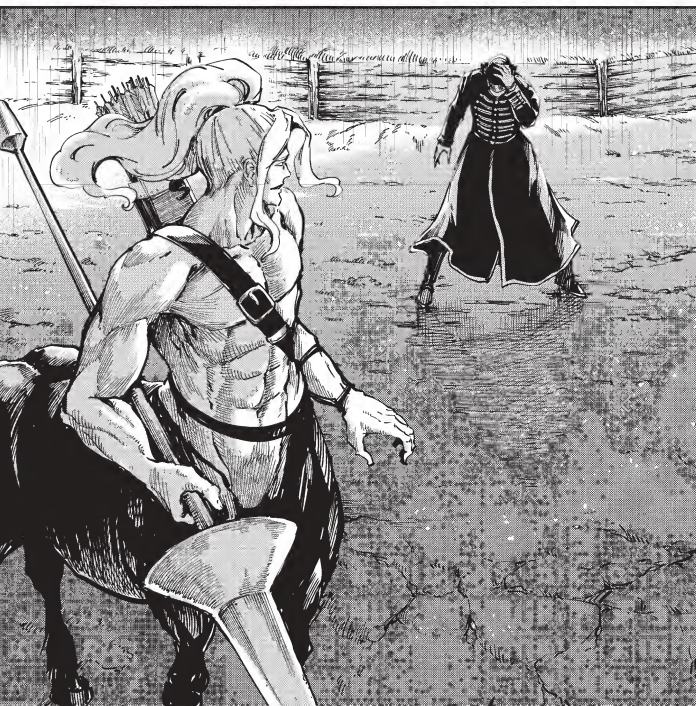
To the Abandoned
Sacred Beasts

Rain
...

Chapter 27: Immortal Beast (Pt. 4)

The
earth,
torn
up by
shelling
...







Or
rather,
you
haven't
run
away!

Captain!
So you're
still alive!

But
aren't you
helpless
while the
sun's
up?



can't wait
for when it's
convenient.
We have to
bear the
brunt of the
battle when
it comes.

Well... it's
impossible
to avoid,
isn't it...

We
Incarnates

That's what
it takes
to gain
strength.
Or so you
always said.



...So
stupid.



You said
you became
an Incarnate
to help
people...

You...
weren't
that kind
of man, I
thought.

Centaurus...
Miles Byron.



!!



Ha
ha
ha!

And yet
you took
that at
face
value!

And I
thought
you had a
keen nose
for these
things,
Captain!



I'd be
thanked
for killing
the
enemy,

I
like the
battle-
field
...

I had
good
potential
as an
Incarnate
candidate.

My heart
leapt when
I heard
that.

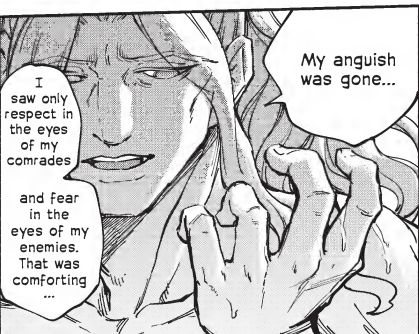
and if my
comrades fell,
I could see it
as something
beyond my
control.



And
...

there
was one
more
thing

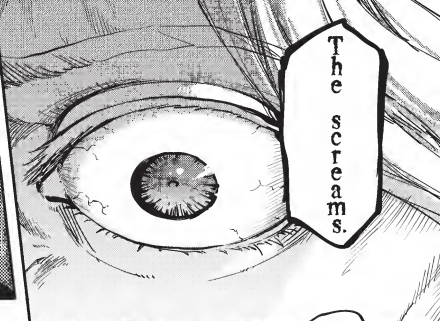
that I
loved
about
the
battle-
field.



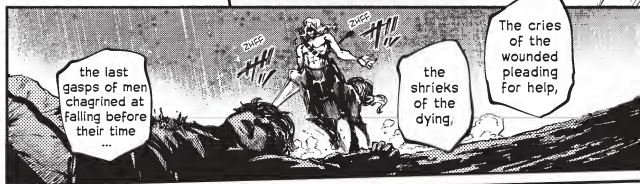
I
saw only
respect in
the eyes
of my
comrades

and fear
in the
eyes of my
enemies.
That was
comforting
...

My anguish
was gone...



The
screams.



the last
gasps of men
chagrined at
falling before
their time
...

the
shrieks
of the
dying,

The cries
of the
wounded
pleading
for help,



Trampled
beneath an
implacable
power...



Screaming!!

Screaming!!

Screaming!!

SMASH

SMASH

SMASH





the
screaming
has always
been with
me.

and as an
Incarnate,
too...

since I
became
an army
surgeon
...

When I
was a
small-
town
doctor
...

They
follow me
every-
where.

Words of
gratitude,
screams
of
despair.

And
small
wonder
...

It makes
me every
bit as
glad as
hearing
voices
raised in
thanks.

when I
hear the
screaming,
my heart
leaps
with joy.



Am I
being too
honest...?

You
shouldn't
have so
much
faith in
people,
you
know.



And I
should
know!

I saw
that face
of yours
in battle
so many
times...



Can you
say for
certain
...

that you
aren't
broken
yourself,
Captain
?!
?



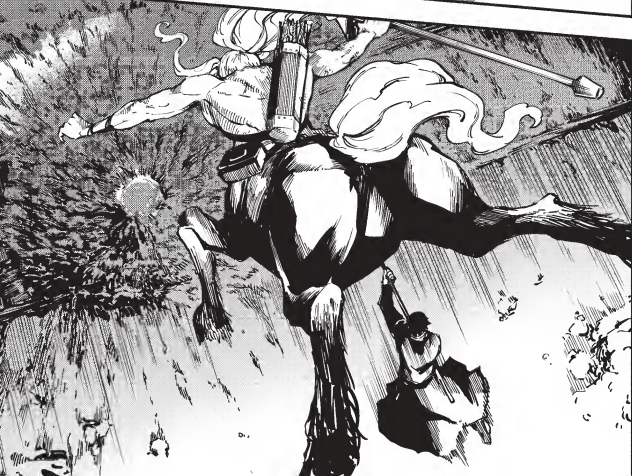
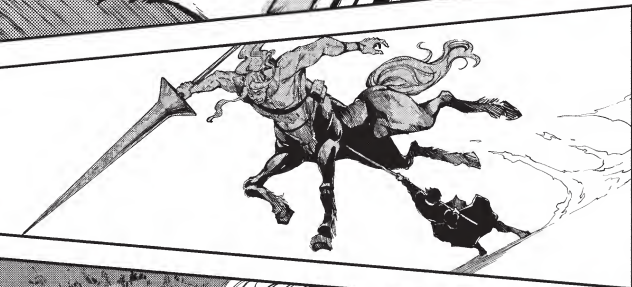


AS IF YOU
COULD
STOP ME
WITH ONE
MEASLY
SPEAR!!



GASHING









But —

You've only become less human yourself!

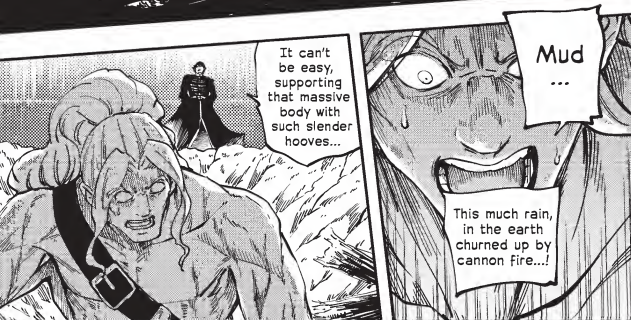
Hurling me into the trenches ...

Ha ha ha !!



GLORP

?!

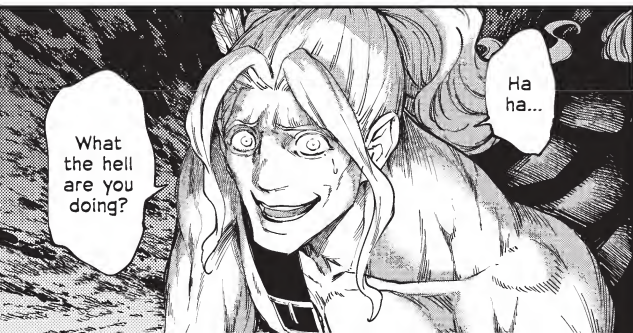


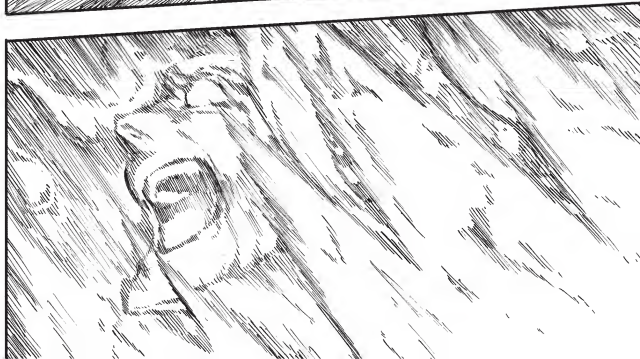
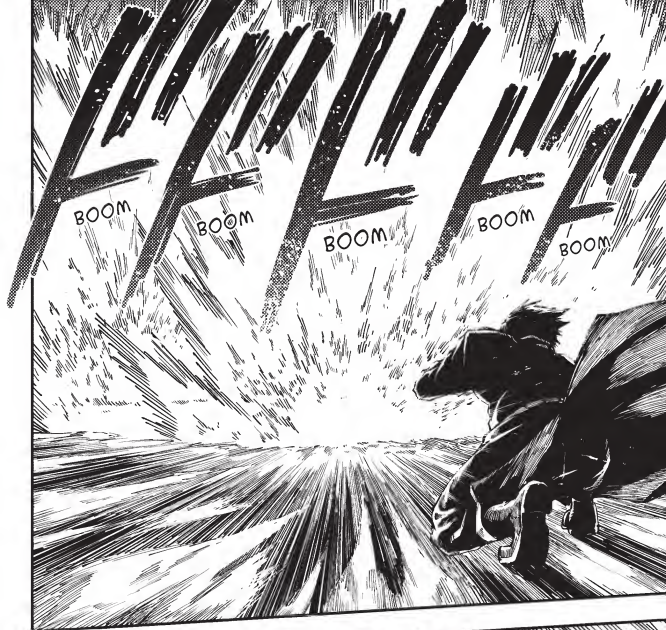
It can't be easy, supporting that massive body with such slender hooves...

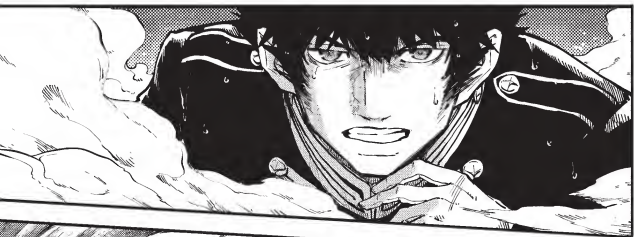
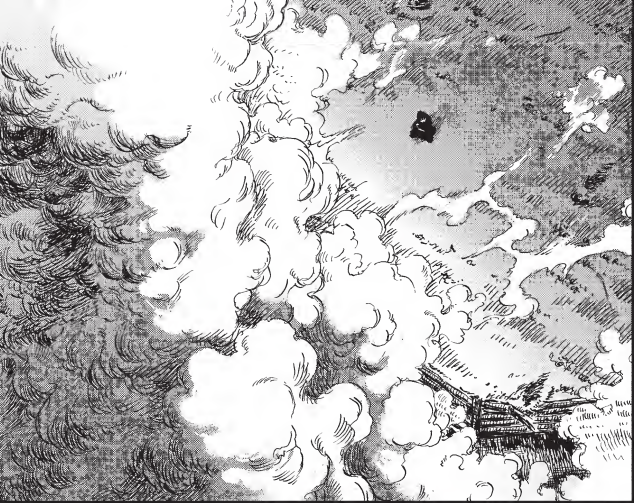
Mud ...

This much rain, in the earth churned up by cannon fire...!













**You
have
them,
don't
you?**

**Come
on, aren't
you going
to shoot
me?!**

**Those
Godkiller
bullets—
the ones
that can
destroy
us!!**



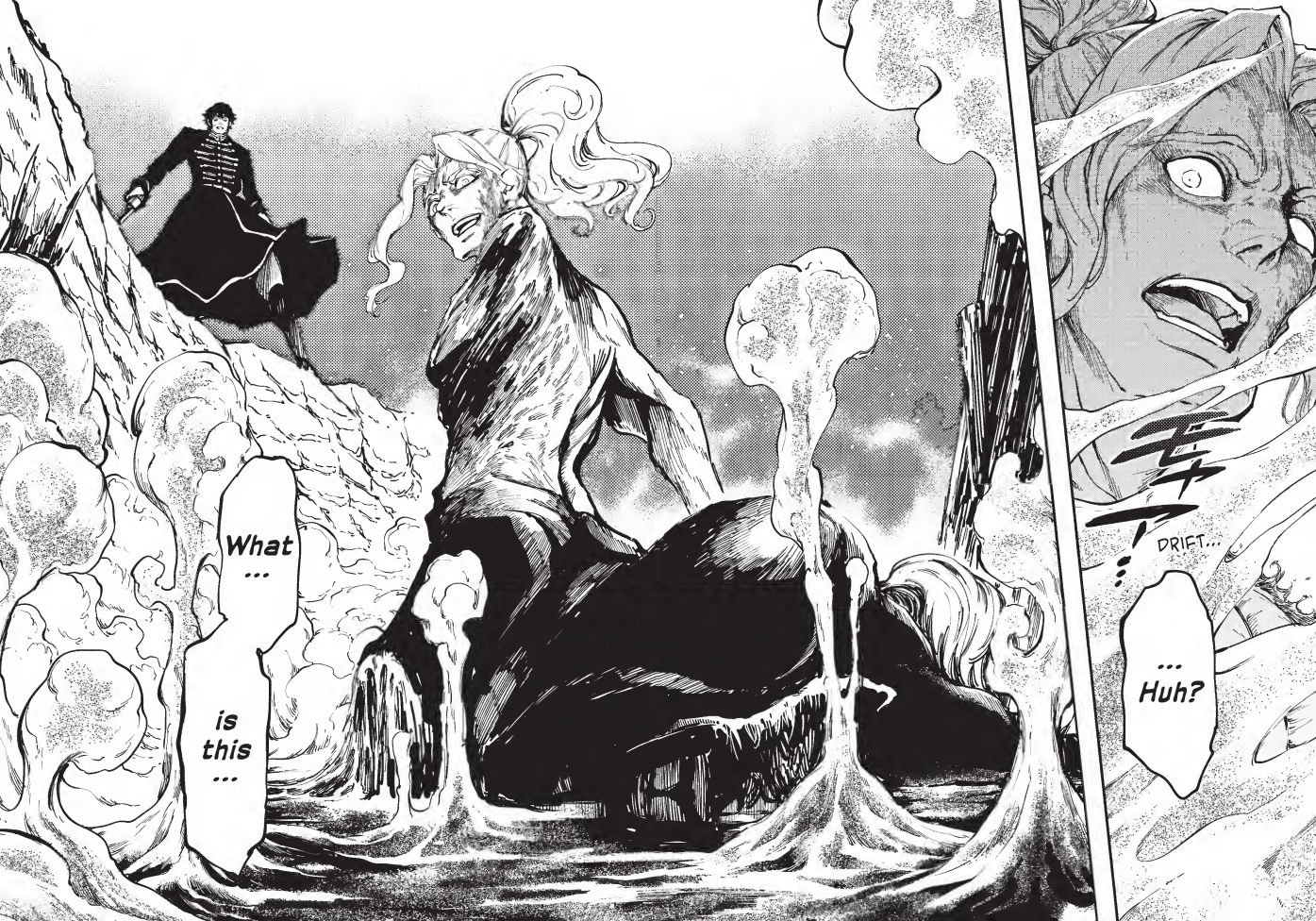
To the Abandoned
Sacred Beasts



You have them, don't you? Those Godkiller bullets—the ones that can destroy us!!

Come on, aren't you going to shoot me?!





What

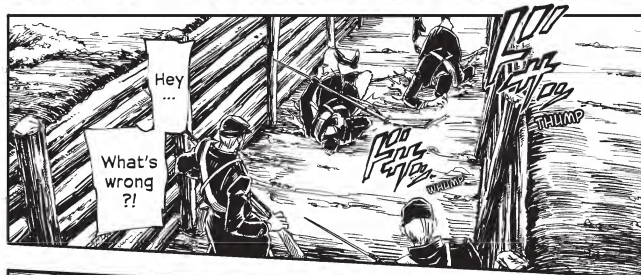
...

is
this

...

DRIFT...

...
Huh?



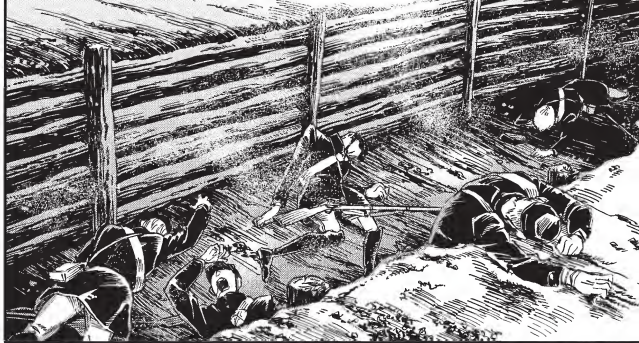






*The name of the brightest star in the constellation Hydra





This is
unforgiv-
able.

It's
killing
our own
soldiers
...



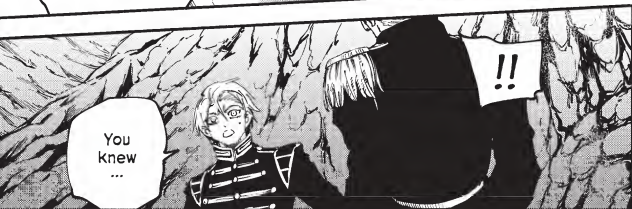
He once
served in
the same
platoon,
after all.
We cannot
trust him
completely.

That
special-
ist...

We had
to make
certain the
Beast was
destroyed.

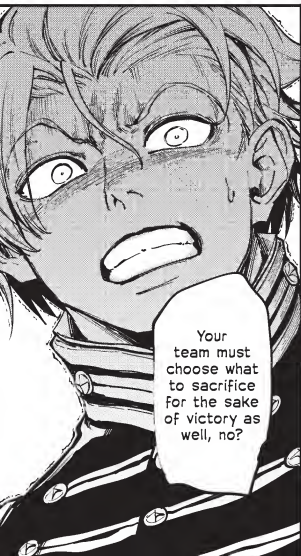


If he falls as well,
then we'll be rid of another Beast. So much the better.

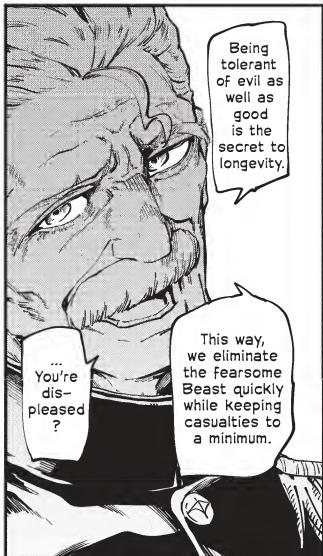


You knew
...

!!



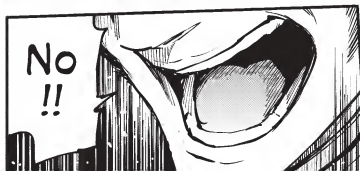
Your team must choose what to sacrifice for the sake of victory as well, no?

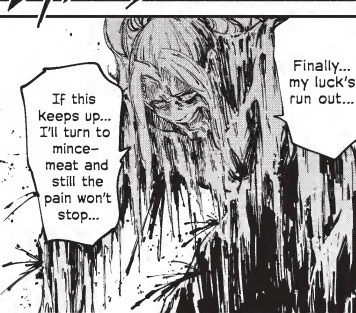


Being tolerant of evil as well as good is the secret to longevity.

... You're dis-pleased?

This way, we eliminate the fearsome Beast quickly while keeping casualties to a minimum.







Heh...
Ha ha
ha!

Isn't
it...
funny
...

But to
think, the
last thing
I'll hear will
be my own
screams...

It
hurts
so much...
I can't
even enjoy
it at all...



in the
least
...

...No, it's
really not
enjoyable
...



If
things
were
different
...

if I'd
never
gone to
war...

if I
hadn't...
heard
so much
ceaseless
screaming
...

do
you think
I would
have gone
on... being
a good
doctor?

Captain
...



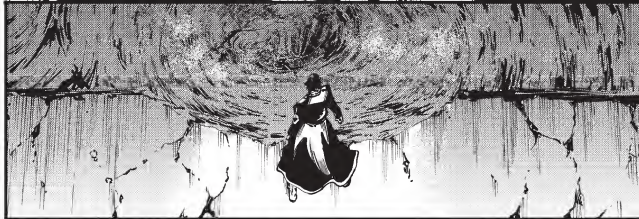
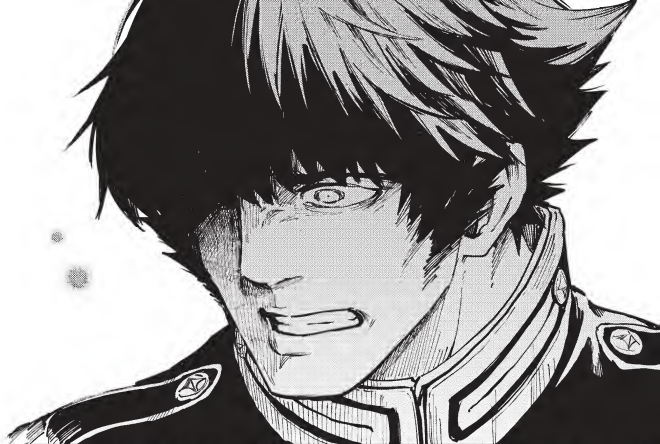
Good-
bye...

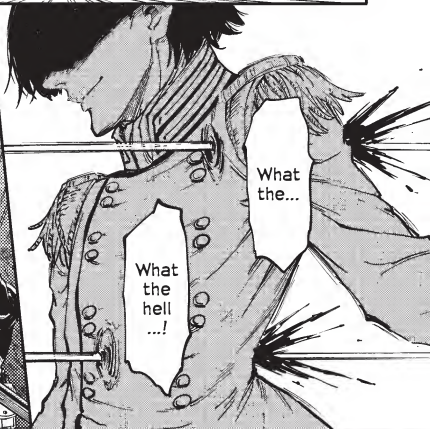
Come and
join us after
you've had
enough fun

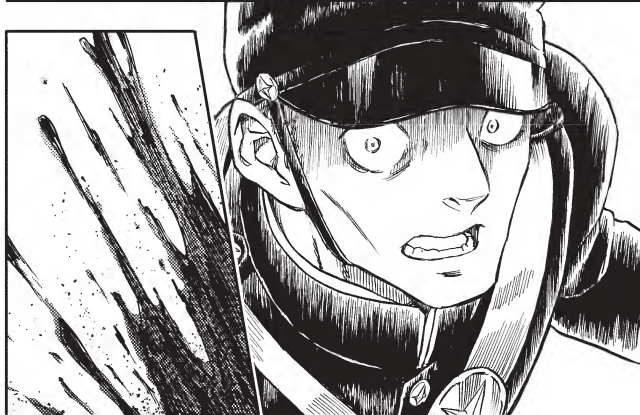
with
Cain...

...Thank
you.



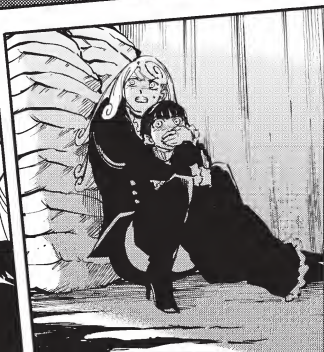


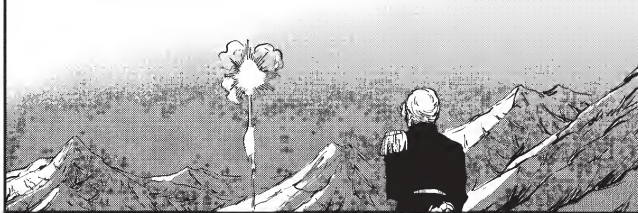






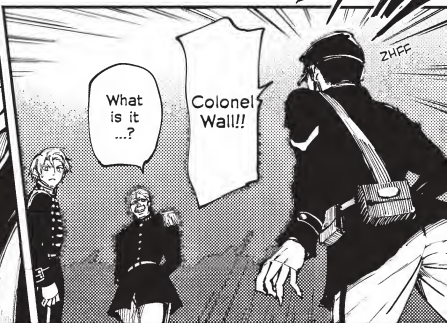
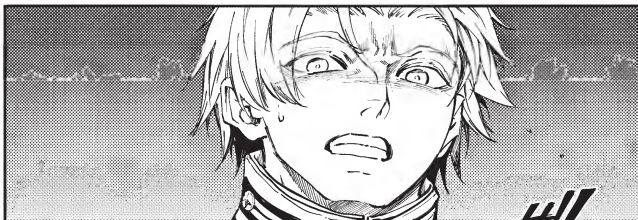
This
...





Hm.
Seems the
beast is
dead.

A yellow
flare...



What
is it
...?

Colonel!
Wall!!

ZHEFF



Cain
Madhouse
...

You've
got a
great
deal of
confidence
to lead the
rebellion
yourself,



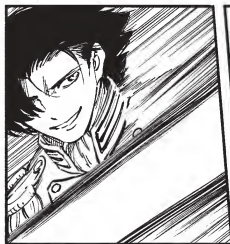
Martin
Wall. So
you're a
colonel
now...?

Didn't
think I'd
meet you
in battle
again.

Same
as ever...
using
the most
atrocious
tactics.

It
does make
sense in
wartime,
but...

it's
hideous
...



The
toy that's
against
the rules.

So...
this
is it.

This isn't
something
you lot
should be
playing
with.

But this
time...
things are
reversed.

SHATTER



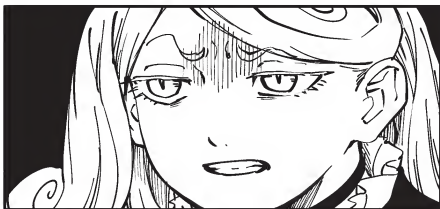
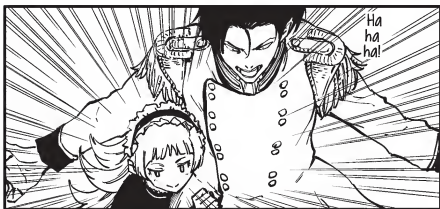


Get
back
to the
fort,
Claude
...

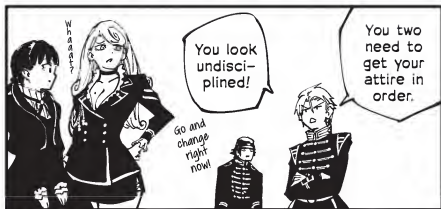
This
one's
mine
!!

ZHFF

To be continued in Volume 6



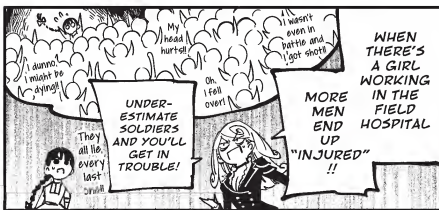
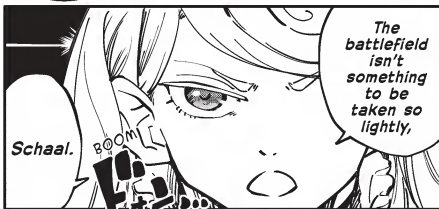
SACRED BEASTS PLUS



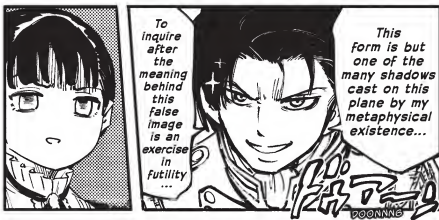
#05



Hold on.







Sacred Beasts Encyclopedia Entries

file no. 24 *Incarnate Centaurus*

Height: 13 ft.



The archer: Half man, half horse

An Incarnate that combines the assault force of a cavalryman and the ability to snipe from a distance. His upper body is human; his lower body, that of a horse. While the upper body appears human, in scale it matches the enormous equine portion below, giving those who face Centaurus in battle the uneasy sense that something is amiss, along with a subconscious sense of awe.

The strength of the horse's body allows it to charge and retreat at high speed. Ordinarily, the battlefield is ruled by numbers and a charge by a single soldier would be futile; however, Centaurus is able to disrupt enemy ranks with its massive size, speed, and striking appearance. He prioritizes those who would face him bravely, those who try to raise their voices to rally their comrades, and those who are the slowest to run away, impaling men upon his lance and brandishing their corpses. This is done to instill fear in the enemy; fear

gives way to terror and confusion, disrupting even the most cohesive ranks and making the Centaur's charges all the more effective.

With his robust male upper body, he wields an archaic weapon splendidly—the bow. The arrows he uses have far larger arrowheads and thicker shafts than is traditional, pinning enemy soldiers to the ground and turning the battlefield to a scene of medieval torture. His mobility allows him to move freely across the battlefield and fire from the most tactical locations. One might say that there is no reason for Centaurus to insist on using a bow; his strength would be better exploited with a gun. However, using a gun inexplicably causes a substantial deterioration in his aim. Even after sufficient training in firearms, his ability never improved beyond that of an average human. This was a disappointing result for an Incarnate that was expected to have superior brawn and focus, but irrefutable: Guns simply do not suit Centaurus. On occasion, Incarnates can exhibit perplexing peculiarities that emerge as flaws in the field.

Bold Creek Fort: A hastily-built but durable stronghold

A fortress constructed on filled-in farmlands that stretched out between the town and the mountain range.

Built from bricks, earth and wood, it is somewhat old-fashioned, but this was more than enough to stop the attacks of the Northern army weakened by the Civil War and stretched thin by having to send some forces to defend the capital. The simple construction allowed for completion in an astonishingly short time (with the help of Incarnates). By the time the Northern army had crossed the Great Mountain range and caught wind of the construction, the fort was already nearly finished,

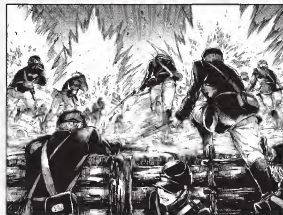
and succeeded in delaying their first strike. It was even equipped with gun platforms on the walls (though not many), and with battle-hardened former Southern soldiers at the core of its forces, morale was high, enhancing the defensive capabilities of the fort beyond its scale. In front of the fortress is an earthwork fortification that overlooks the mountain range, allowing for soldiers to prevent simple approaches by the enemy. It is unclear if the absence of trenches is due to a tactical choice not to impede the mobility of Centaurus, or because they lacked the technique to dig them.

The reason for this remains utterly unclear. The factors that determine the physical forms of Incarnates are also a mystery, serving as a reminder that the creation of Incarnates is a technology that cannot be completely controlled.

Centaurus's skin has neither scales nor a shell, and his equine coat is not at all tough. This lack of physical defense marks his sole vulnerability in the tactic of charging into the enemy ranks. His regenerative ability and vitality are higher

than average, but not outstanding, and pale in comparison to those of Nidhogg or Behemoth. While various means of compensating for this weakness were explored, including equipping him with armor and deploying him in teams with other Incarnates, these all impeded Centaurus's chief strength—speed—and were never used in the field. With his solitary, swift charges and the unparalleled precision of his phantom-like sniping, the Centaurus ruled the battlefield in the time of the Civil War.

file no. 26 **Trenches**



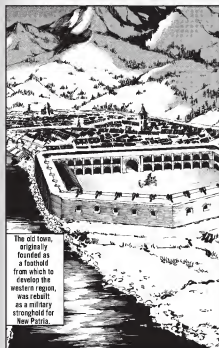
Graves to dodge the rain of death

Ditches dug into the ground as a defense against gunfire in several battlefields toward the end of the Civil War.

Trenches are made by digging into the ground as deep as a man's height, then adding fortifications to prevent collapse, platforms for shooting, drainage gutters, and scaffolding to ease running through the

mud. Technological advances, including rifles, led to significant improvements in the accuracy and range of guns. As a result, traditional line infantry became depleted as they advanced toward enemy territory and became less effective. As the war dragged on, artillery technology also improved; facing off against lighter cannon with longer ranges, advancing en masse only increased casualties when strikes landed, making soldiers easy pickings for the enemy. The strategy of advancing slowly, hidden in the trenches to avoid enemy fire, then charging at the end, became more widespread. Although trenches worked as shelter from enemy fire, it was a miserable environment. Not only would rain soak into everything, but in lowlands, water would often seep up from underneath—it was constantly damp. In prolonged battles, it was not uncommon for diseases to spread, devastating armies from within.

file no. 25 **Bold Creek**



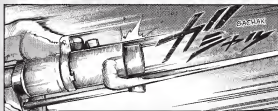
**Bold Creek,
Capital of the Frontier**
An abandoned outpost from
the age of expansion

In the age of expansion, Before the Civil War, people ventured forth from the capital of Newfort, crossing the great mountain range to head west.

Bold Creek was a town built to serve as the first foothold for settlers after crossing the mountain range. Built on the flatland beside a river fed by meltwater from the mountain range, it served as a large trading area for the frontiersmen. They let their dreams run wild on the uncultivated, unexplored lands, but enthusiasm waned as it became known that barren wastelands lay beyond, and then the Civil War left those dreams unfulfilled. Those who remained after the war struggled with the inconvenience of travel to the mountain-locked capital and the duty to support the people stranded in the west. The railroads to the west were laid far to the south of Bold Creek, and few people crossed the mountains to visit. Only fugitive outlaws who couldn't remain in the capital or those with questionable pasts would brave the dangerous journey. Now, this place is nothing but an out-of-the-way town hoping for a resurgence of the western frontier boom.

file
no.

27

Bayonet**A last-resort blade**

A weapon attached to the end of a gun for use in close combat.

Fitted on the end of a long rifle, it is used primarily to stab, like a spear, and is useless outside of close-range combat. Rifles were supposed to mark the end of infantry charges, and they, along with bay-

onets, should have become obsolete. However, with the trenches dug to avoid rifle fire, bayonets became relevant once again. Charges after advancing via the trenches and close combat against enemies that surged into the trenches became common. Close combat weapons such as sabers and knives were disfavored due to their weight and the vulnerable openings created when switching to them, and were not often used. Sabers held by commanding officers, as symbols of authority, were an exception. By the final days of the Civil War, gatling guns had sufficient power and speed to entirely suppress charges from close range.

file
no.

28

Cannon**The true star of the battlefield, claiming the greatest number of lives**

The cannon has a long history. Through the centuries of use in the Old World, neither its shape nor purpose has varied much.

It employs the explosive power of gunpowder to propel a cannonball to smash the target. For this simple weapon, the most important thing is

the strength of the barrel. With stronger barrels, one can shoot cannonballs farther and with more power. The prolonged Civil War led to advances in metalworking, resulting in two divergent evolutionary paths for the cannon—namely, lighter and heavier.

Light, sturdy small cannon were built with hilly or uneven terrain in mind, to be deployed in mountain ranges and badlands, and occasionally in surprise attacks where speed was of the essence. They could be operated by a small number of men, and also allowed for versatile strategies with larger numbers when assaulting a fortress.

Heavy, destructive, large cannon were used to defend forts and cities. While they had poor maneuverability, their range and power could prevent advances by the enemy, obliterate their ships, and crush the hearts of those who would face them. The range of explosion and the destructive power of shrapnel were far beyond that of guns; as a result, cannon claimed the lives of more soldiers than any other weapon. It is recorded in surveys that the Southern army had an Incarnate which used its enormous strength to wield cannon like rifles.

To the Abandoned Sacred Beasts

Vol. 5

AFTERWORD PAGE

So Volume 5 turned out to be nearly entirely an arc about Centaurus. We were hoping to move it along a bit more, but after all, war is the subject material we're dealing with, so we wanted to show some more of that... is what we were thinking when we produced this, with the result that the story doesn't advance much, and the ladies hardly got to do much. Well, the field of battle is a man's world... can't be helped... so, lots of men!

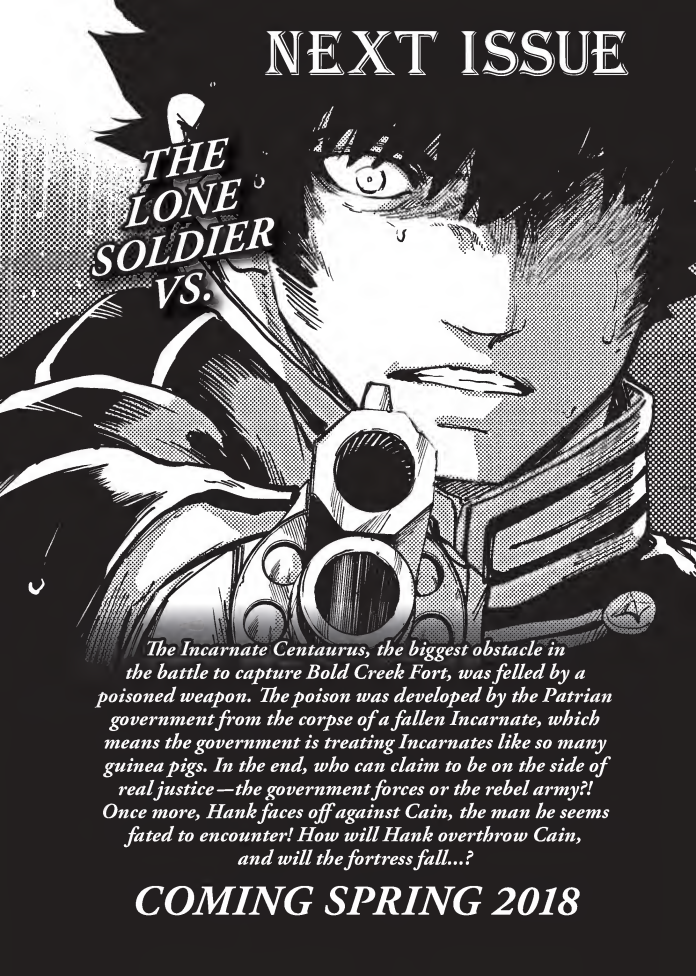
We've said what there is to say, and from now on we want to have more characters involved in the plot... we'll work hard to do just that. See you in Volume 6!

HiZ!!
Maybe



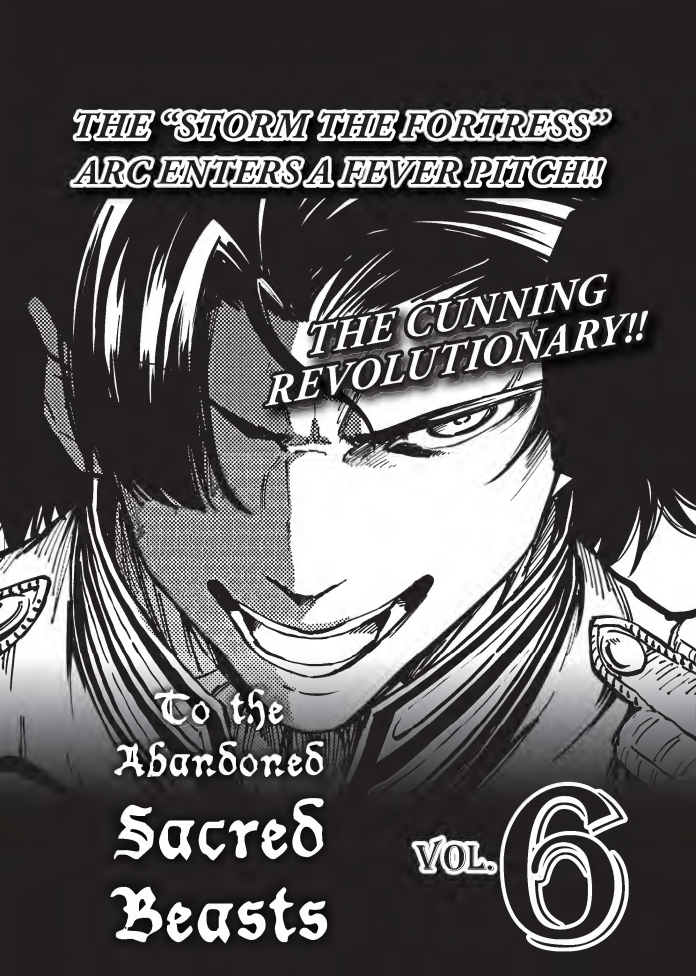
NEXT ISSUE

THE LONE SOLDIER VS.



The Incarnate Centaurus, the biggest obstacle in the battle to capture Bold Creek Fort, was felled by a poisoned weapon. The poison was developed by the Patrian government from the corpse of a fallen Incarnate, which means the government is treating Incarnates like so many guinea pigs. In the end, who can claim to be on the side of real justice—the government forces or the rebel army?! Once more, Hank faces off against Cain, the man he seems fated to encounter! How will Hank overthrow Cain, and will the fortress fall...?

COMING SPRING 2018



*THE "STORM THE FORTRESS"
ARC ENTERS A FEVER PITCH!!*

*THE CUNNING
REVOLUTIONARY!!*

To the
Abandoned
Sacred
Beasts

VOL. 6

To The Abandoned Sacred Beasts 5

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